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WOMEN PHYSICIANS.

In January 1849, the University of Geneva, in the State of New York, conferred upon an Englishwoman the diploma of Doctor of Medicine.

European precedents were not wanting for thus admitting a lady to a university education and university distinction. Passing by instances recorded in the history of the Middle Ages, we find the names of several women who, during the eighteenth and the early part of the present century, received diplomas and held chairs in the Italian Universities. In 1732 La Dottoressa Laura Bassi graduated at Bologna, and was appointed to the Chair of Natural Philosophy, which she held for six years. She married, and had several children. It is pleasant to find a contemporary speaking of her as exemplary in all the relations of family life, and as having "*le visage doux, sérieux, et modeste.*" She died in 1778, and was buried with public honours—the doctor's gown and silver laurel being borne before her to the grave.

In 1750 Signora Agnesi was appointed Assistant Professor of Mathematics at Bologna. She was connected with the university for twenty years. She translated several treatises on the integral and differential calculus, and published a volume entitled "*Analytical Institutions*," which was translated by the then

Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge.¹ Towards the close of her life she retired into a religious house, and died in 1798 at the age of eighty.

In 1794 Clotilde Tambroni became Professor of Greek at Bologna. After occupying the chair for four years she was obliged, on political grounds, to resign. The revolutionary wave was then rising, and Tambroni was conservative and a royalist. She then spent some years studying in Spain. On her return to Italy, Buonaparte, forgiving her politics, made her Professor of Greek at Milan. She held this office for some years, and died in 1817.

Madonna Manzolina lectured on anatomy at Bologna about the time that Tambroni was teaching Greek at Milan.

Several other women are mentioned briefly in the "*Biographie Universelle*" as graduates of Bologna and Milan. We have no means of knowing if these examples were remembered by the college which admitted Miss Blackwell. Possibly the authorities of the American University thought they were

¹ Professor Colson states in his Preface, that one reason which induced him to translate Agnesi's "*Analytical Institutions*" was the hope that he might thus "render it more easy and useful to the ladies of this country, if indeed they can be persuaded to show to the world, as they easily might, that they are not to be excelled by any foreign ladies whatever."

doing a new thing in the history of the world, and were not deterred by thinking so.¹ Be that as it may, the example set by Miss Blackwell was speedily followed. In 1851 her younger sister, Emily, graduated at the College of Cleveland (Ohio); two years later a Polish lady did the same, and from that time a continually increasing number of American women have been engaged in the study and practice of medicine. The nature of the success which has attended the experiment—in so far as it has succeeded—and the causes of its failure—where it has failed—cannot be rightly understood without some knowledge of the peculiar conditions under which medical education is carried on in America. In our own country the students of any one school—as, for instance, those of Guy's or Bartholomew's Hospital—do not receive their diploma from the school at which they study, but from a central examining body, such as the College of Surgeons, Apothecaries' Hall, or one of the Universities. Students from every school meet at the central boards, the standard is fixed by the examining, not by the teaching bodies, and it is applied uniformly to all the schools.

In America, on the contrary, each medical school examines its own students and gives its own diplomas; there is no common standard of education; no check either upon the rapacity or the indolence of the managers of the schools. The first result of the absence of a standard examination is, that the M.D. diploma of one college may imply a really good medical education, while the same degree taken elsewhere may be almost worthless. This method has produced much

that is bad in the education of men; but it has been even more injurious to women. No sooner had Miss Blackwell and her immediate successors started the idea of women-physicians, than a demand arose for special schools which should educate and examine women only. With perilous haste several such schools were formed by persons whose conception of a complete medical education was most imperfect, and who acted as if they thought that all which it was necessary for women to know could be learnt in about half the time prescribed for men. The half-measures thus initiated gained a considerable amount of popular sympathy and support; the schools so started obtained in many instances State recognition, and students have steadily flowed into them; but the meagre curriculum, and the low standard of examination—a standard so low indeed that it is said to be difficult for a student *not* to get the M.D. at some of the female schools—sufficiently explain the inferior professional position taken by most of their graduates. Women who wish to get a thorough medical education still have to seek it in one of the men's colleges.

It is difficult to imagine anything which could more effectually hinder the better class of women from taking a really good position as physicians than the existence of inferior and irresponsible colleges, having the power to grant diplomas and the inclination to grant as many as possible. It is fair, however, to mention that as several of the large general hospitals in America are open to students of both sexes, it is possible for women to supply some, at least, of the deficiencies of their education.

In 1860, Miss Garrett began to study in London. It is unnecessary to detail the history of her various attempts to gain admittance to a school as a regular student. Failing in all these attempts, she obtained permission from Apothecaries' Hall—the only examining body who had no power legally to refuse to examine her—to attend the required lectures of recognised Professors privately, and having in this way completed the curriculum, she passed the

¹ In our own country, where precedent is held in greater honour, it is well to know that the idea of university education for women is not only not an innovation, but that some at least of our universities must be regarded as incomplete copies of the ancient models on which they are formed until their privileges shall have been extended to female students. Glasgow, for example, was founded upon the model of Bologna, and the earliest charter gives to its students "all the rights and privileges belonging to those of Bologna."

examinations of the Hall, and received in 1865 the diploma of L.S.A. or Licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries.

In January 1867, three other ladies passed the preliminary examination in Arts at Apothecaries' Hall. It was their intention to get the medical education by means of private lectures, and, on the strength of the permission previously granted to Miss Garrett, they had already begun to attend private courses of instruction in Anatomy and Chemistry. But the road was not allowed to remain thus open. Shortly after the Arts examination, the Court of Examiners at the Hall passed a resolution forbidding students to receive any part of their medical education privately. It was determined that students who had not attended lectures in the public class of a recognised medical school should not in future be accepted. Obviously, this resolution could only refer to women. Students to whom the public classes are accessible are not likely to wish to attend private lectures. It is not, however, necessary to assume that the resolution implied hostility towards female students. A worthier motive may have been the fear lest an education gained by private lectures might be in many cases both unsystematic and imperfect. Such a fear would be by no means groundless. In the study of medicine there is much to be learnt which cannot be tested in an examination. The Examining Board must trust a good deal to the schools. They look to them to provide a complete and orderly course of instruction for the student; and the examination is to ascertain the amount of knowledge he actually possesses. It is possible that the permission to take private lectures was given to Miss Garrett in consequence of a mistaken notion that her case was quite exceptional,—that other women would show no readiness to follow her example; and when this impression was corrected by experience, the Examiners may have felt bound to consider what would be the permanent effect of allowing a considerable number of women to enter

the profession with an education less systematic than that prescribed for men.

But, whatever the motive, the effect of the resolution is to render it impossible for female students to comply with the regulations of the Hall. It has been decided that only the students of a public and recognised school of medicine may present themselves for examination; none of the existing schools admit women, and, therefore, they cannot be examined at Apothecaries' Hall.

To the ladies whom this decision immediately affects, and to their friends, the question naturally presents itself, "What can be done? Is it absolutely essential that female students should pass some one of the examinations prescribed for men? Is there no simpler course by which they may qualify themselves to practise?"

It is most natural, too, that others should go still further in the same direction, and should say, "If it be true that the diploma of Apothecaries' Hall is the only legal road open to women, that this can be pursued in but one way, and that way is at present inaccessible, why need we make the possession of that diploma a *sine qua non* for women who study medicine? Why should we not make a beginning at once, teach women as much as is at present possible; teach them, perhaps, one special branch of practice, form a board of examiners composed of men not less well instructed than the examiners of any recognised board; and give women the certificate of this special board in the place of the diplomas held by men?"

Two proposals are here suggested, which it would be well for the sake of clearness to consider separately. The first is, that women could with advantage practise a special branch of the doctor's art, even if there are theoretical and practical objections to their receiving a complete medical education. The second is, that whether women limit themselves to the study of a speciality, or attempt the general study of medicine, it is not necessary to insist upon their sharing the examinations intended

for men; that a special certificate held only by women would answer every purpose, and could be gained with far less effort than one identical with that held by men.

On the first of these propositions we shall say but little. There is no doubt that women can be trained as midwives, and that they may become very skilful in this department without any but the most rudimentary knowledge of the art of medicine. Whether it is on the whole desirable that this department should be separated from the rest of the medical art is a question which could scarcely be fully discussed in this place, and which we are not now called upon to answer. There is, however, no reason why those who desire such a separation should not at once begin to train educated women as midwives. It is their duty to say distinctly that this is what they propose to do. The ground they take is perfectly legitimate, and they can afford to take it fearlessly. They are only to blame, if intending to educate women as midwives, they say to the public that they are educating them as *Physicians* for women and children.

The second proposition is one of far greater importance, and deserving the careful consideration of all who desire to see women admitted into the profession of medicine: "Is it really necessary that they should take the same footing as men? Is it right to urge it, if by so doing we exclude from the profession for some years all but a very small number of women?"

We believe it is impossible to overestimate the importance of answering rightly a question so fundamental as this. "Depend upon it the strength of any party lies in its being true to its theory. Consistency is the life of a movement."¹ The fate of every reforming party is decided at some critical moment by the insight and the firmness of its leaders; its safety lies in the unyielding hold they keep on principles which constitute its *raison d'être*. At whatever apparent sacrifice of the spirit of con-

ciliation—at whatever loss of valued allies—however opposed it may seem to the dictates of policy, the central ideas of the movement must be maintained.

In the case before us, the principle which we conceive no arguments either of benevolence or of convenience should induce the leaders of the party to abandon, is that of professional equality—a common standing-ground, be it high or low, for men and women. If the existing standard be high, let women by no means be satisfied with any less attainment; if it be low, let them join with men in labouring to raise it. No one, indeed, confessedly desires that the professional training of women, if they are to practise medicine at all, should be less good than that of men. But it is alleged that a separate and special standard would not interfere with the excellence of the education; that women could, if they liked, fix their standard as high as that of the University of London, instead of contenting themselves with an examination equivalent to that of Apothecaries' Hall. The answer to this is that a separate examination would be entirely without prestige either among members of the profession or the public, and the practical consequences would be that the examination itself would sink to the level of its reputation. Moreover, we believe that in this case the principle would be sacrificed for a nominal or fictitious rather than for a real advantage. If women are resolved to have an education not less thorough than that of men, how would a separate examination help them to get it? The requirements of the existing examining bodies are not unreasonable, and if the education is indeed to be good, why not adapt it from the first to a standard already known and of definite value? The special examination would in no way help to remove the chief difficulty women will have to overcome—the difficulty, namely, of getting hospital practice; they would still have to choose between establishing a large general hospital for themselves, or gaining admission to one already organized for students. They would still have to form

¹ Newman's *Apologia pro Vita sua*, p. 308.

a school in which the students should receive a complete course of theoretical instruction, and they would have to do so in the teeth of an immense majority of the best men in the profession. The prejudice which now exists against allowing women to practise medicine is, we believe, unreasonable; but the opposition medical men would offer to any change by which women should be allowed to enter the profession by a private door—a door which could be made as wide and as easy to enter as they might choose it to be—would be both reasonable and praiseworthy. In the interest of the public—in the interest especially of those women who prefer being attended by a physician of their own sex—every woman who wishes to practise medicine should be compelled to conform to the regulations and pass the examinations which have been found desirable in the case of men. It should not be left to an untried and unrecognised body to fix the standard of examination and the method of preliminary study. The very fact that there is a demand for women physicians increases the importance of insisting upon a high and defined standard, separating not women from men, but the educated from the ignorant, and authorizing the educated only to practise.

In the meantime the choice does not lie between doing what is immediately possible and doing nothing, but between attaining an excellent result in fifteen or twenty years, or a poor and possibly mischievous result in five or six. English women who wish to study medicine need not consider the road completely shut to them because it is not open in their own country. They can, in the meantime, avail themselves of the opportunities afforded in America, or at some of the continental universities, of obtaining a complete medical education, and a legal qualification to practise.

The University of Zurich has already conferred the M.D. diploma on a lady, Mdle. Souslowa, who began to study medicine at St. Petersburg in 1862. Her experience, and that of her companions in Russia, is not the least in-

teresting episode in the history of medicine studied under difficulties. In company with several other ladies, Mdle. Souslowa attended for two years the lectures on natural philosophy, chemistry, and anatomy, at the Medico-Chirurgical Academy at St. Petersburg. During this time no objection was made to their presence either by the professors of the faculty of medicine or by their fellow-students. Suddenly, however, to the surprise of every one, an order came from the Imperial Government forbidding the professors to admit women to the scientific classes of the Academy. The reason given was, that in the opinion of the Government, "women did better *as such* when they knew nothing and understood nothing."

With one exception—to be presently explained—the female students were thus compelled to leave the classes. Mdle. Souslowa resolved to try her fortunes abroad, and, after some delay, gained admission to the University of Zurich, where she has completed her medical education, and taken the diploma of M.D.¹ She now intends to seek admission once more to the medical examinations at St. Petersburg, in order to obtain a legal qualification to practise in her own country.

The exception just alluded to is thus explained. A few years before Mdle. Souslowa entered the medical school at St. Petersburg, several of the wild tribes of Russian Asia had petitioned the Government to send them out properly qualified women to act as midwives. Their petition was granted, the Government undertaking all the expense of the education and maintenance of a certain number of women for this purpose. After a time, one of these tribes (the Kirgesen) petitioned, further, that the women thus sent to them should also be taught some branches of the art of medicine. One of the women then being trained as a midwife, hearing of this petition, wrote to the Kirgesen, proposing that she should study medicine thoroughly, and go out to them

¹ The degree was conferred Dec. 14th, 1867.

as a qualified doctor. She suggested, at the same time, that they should try to get permission for her to enter the Academy of St. Petersburg as a regular medical student. The Kirgesen welcomed the proposal, wrote to an influential Russian general, and through him obtained an official document empowering their future doctor to attend the Academy as a student. They have regularly sent money for her education and maintenance, and from the first have taken the greatest interest in her progress and welfare, requiring among other things periodical bulletins of her health. Hearing last summer that she was not well, they sent money for her to go abroad for her holiday, and asked for an extra bulletin. In consequence of the special permission thus received, she was allowed to remain when the Academy was closed to her companions.

Returning to Zurich, it is satisfactory to find that the course of study prescribed for its medical students is identical, in all important respects, with that pursued in England and Scotland.

It is not likely that any difficulty will arise about registering a good foreign diploma, when its holder wishes to practise in this country. It is true that the possession of such a diploma has not, since the Act of 1858, entitled its possessor to be registered here; but the Medical Amendment Bill will remove the difficulty by providing that some at least of the best foreign and colonial diplomas shall again be accepted and registered in England. But even with this difficulty removed, it is disappointing to some to be told that it is only by obtaining a foreign diploma that they can qualify themselves to practise legally in this country. The method proposed is at the best slow and laborious, and, to English-bred women unused to travel, it is disheartening to hear that they must study on the Continent or in America for four or five years before they can practise at home.

The alternative, however, unattractive as it is, has already been accepted by three English ladies, who will in all probability ere long be followed by

others; and though we may regret that their path should be unreasonably hard, it is consoling to bear in mind that the very severity of the test thus voluntarily undergone is in itself an augury of success. With such women, with students whose steadiness of purpose has been put to the proof and has not swerved, Englishmen cannot fail to sympathise, and to their influence as it gradually makes itself felt the ultimate victory of the movement will be due.

The prejudices now existing among medical men will be removed most easily and most surely by every woman who comes into this country as a legally qualified practitioner devoting herself for at least ten years to the legitimate and steady work of the profession she has entered. If any woman can win for herself a scientific position equal to that now held, for example, by Dr. Jenner or Mr. Paget, she will remove in winning it almost every prejudice and every difficulty from the path of her successors. For it ought to be gladly acknowledged that many a man's prejudice against women-doctors has its root in his hearty interest in the art or science of his profession. Men are so much in the habit of seeing women content themselves with trifling, that they distrust the gravity of their purpose with regard to serious study. They suspect them of being actuated by any motive rather than that of genuine interest in the profession. Once convince a man whose opposition has its root in this distrust, that a woman does really care for the work itself, and his prejudice melts away, and he becomes her friend and ally.

The truth is, that both the professional and the non-professional public have to be converted to the *idea* of women-physicians, and that till they are so converted it will be vain to ask for co-operation on any large or public scale. We do not wish to ignore the fact, now placed by experience beyond dispute,¹ that a very considerable num-

¹ "Within the year 9,300 visits have been made to the Dispensary; 3,000 new cases have been admitted; from sixty to ninety patients

ber of women of all classes are glad to avail themselves of the services of a woman-doctor. The cordial response given to what has already been accomplished is no small encouragement to the advocates of the movement, but we would suggest that the number of converts gained from the somewhat narrow ground of personal experience or personal preference ought to bear only a small proportion to the number gained by a just and careful consideration of the merits of the question. It is gratifying to find many women saying, "We distinctly prefer a woman-physician," but it is of far more importance to teach men and women alike to say, "Whatever our personal preferences or the preferences of our wives and daughters may be, it is right that women should be allowed to study and practise medicine, and we are willing to give them every facility for doing so." This is not what is now said; the proposal is for the most part supported on personal grounds, and opposed on public or theoretical ones. The argument, "I like it," which many women are ready to use, is met by the assertion that they ought not to like it, or that at least they ought not to be allowed to have what they like. The statement that a woman prefers consulting a woman-doctor is treated with scarcely more respect than would be accorded to her if she expressed a preference for the British College of Health or any other irrational quackery.

Passing on from the consideration of practical difficulties, let us ask—"Is it desirable that women should study and practise medicine? Have we decided that the principle involved is one we shall do well to support? Are the objections brought against it sound and reasonable, or are they for the most part mere prejudices suggested by the instinctive conservatism of ignorance?"

have received advice and medicine on each consulting day; and it is seldom that a week passes in which patients do not come from a distance to avail themselves of the special advantage offered by the Dispensary."—*Extract from the First Annual Report of St. Mary's Dispensary for Women and Children.*

It is well to remember what the objections really are. It is sometimes said that the study of anatomy and physiology would tend to injure or destroy the fine instinct of purity which characterises most women. We believe that experience will prove this fear to be groundless. The serious study of a scientific subject can hardly be injurious to any one, and the possession of special safeguards or the absence of special temptations would suggest that women are peculiarly adapted to approach the science of anatomy in the attitude of students. Let those who fear the effect of anatomical study consider rather whether the evil they dread is not actually working in many English families. Let them reflect upon the influence of the flood of fiction poured in from circulating libraries, the food set before the hungry imaginations of the young, the unhealthy sympathies called forth in hearts which are sickening for an outlet, the familiar scenery of home life reproduced and invested with a vicious colouring, an intimate acquaintance with the ways of sin represented as a knowledge of the world which it is childish not to possess. This is the poison which women, young and old, are imbibing from day to day, while we hold them back from the reverent study of Nature, lest their innocence should be contaminated.

But we are told that, even if the study of medicine did not injure a woman morally, its practice would develop in her an unfeminine amount of self-reliance: that society would have a feeble imitation of a man in the place of its ideal woman, and that much of the graceful brightness which now sweetens and refreshes the social atmosphere would then as a consequence be lost.

It must be conceded that a woman-doctor would certainly require a considerable amount of self-reliance and firmness. Vacillation would be as fatal to her reputation as it is to a man's. Her patients must know that beneath all possible gentleness of manner there is no self-distrust, no shrinking from responsibility. The medical profession,

however, would not be alone in thus developing the quality of self-reliance. Women who manage their own property and households, schoolmistresses, matrons of hospitals and prisons, and all other women engaged in a profession or business, soon find out that they cannot afford to exercise the sweet womanly grace of helplessness. But are we justified in calling it a grace? Ought our standard of what is perfect and beautiful ever to stop short of the *best* that can be reached? Would not a perfect development of feminine grace and beauty rest upon a basis of strength—moral, mental, and physical—rather than upon the absence of strength? Is not this the ideal set before us by our poets? Did Wordsworth's "Phantom of Delight" seem to him less delightful when she gained

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill?"

Does not the lovely lady in "Comus" stand before us as a very type of firmness and self-reliance?—"the constant mood of her calm thoughts unstirred by loneliness and danger."

A cultivated judgment, self-possession, courage, and energy, are intrinsically good qualities, whether present in men or women, whether stamped with the approval of men or not. It is by no means true that a woman, when obliged to be self-reliant, must necessarily cease to be gentle, or become in any degree masculine. The habit of self-reliance need not engender presumption, or interrupt the exercise of any womanly grace. It does not make a woman less tender, or less sympathetic, or less generous; it certainly is not likely to make her less able to appreciate and to reverence the noble qualities of others. It does not make her delight less in order, in delicate personal and household neatness, in whatever of beauty she can afford to have around her. Indeed, one good effect of an active life is that it increases the keenness of appreciation for all these specially feminine refinements. Every one knows how deficient in any trace of artistic

feeling and love of beauty are the majority of London houses inhabited by the professional and mercantile classes where the women of the family are specially *not* active. The houses are dull and ugly, not from the want of leisure and wealth, but from the mental inactivity of the women who direct them, for it is "by knowledge that the chambers are filled with all precious and pleasant riches." Who has not suffered while waiting in the dreary dining-room or the still more dreary drawing-room? Who has not groaned in view of the dusty dulness, the wax or paper flowers under glass shades, the soiled chintz covers, the hideous needlework, the bare tables with their centrifugal system of intolerably dull books—generally old *Annals* and Thomson's *Seasons*? May it not be that if the wives in these houses were more accustomed to mental work, if they knew how greatly it increased the value of domestic brightness and order, the rooms would wear a different aspect?

But the truth is, that what men *really* like in women is not ignorance and helplessness, but the yieldingness and affectionateness which they think belong to the same type of character. They would rather live in peace with a kindly, affectionate, indulgent companion, however dull, than embitter their lives by marrying a cultivated and sensible but hard and unsympathising woman. And if this, indeed, were the alternative, few would impugn the wisdom of their choice. The error lies in supposing that there is any necessary connexion between an active mind and an overbearing temper. No doubt occasional irritability is in some cases induced by long-continued mental tension, but this is not what renders any one habitually uncongenial as a companion.

If it be said that women of the stronger sort are often somewhat defiant in their tone towards society, it may be replied that, perhaps they are forced into pugnacity by the attitude of society towards them. In their own homes many of them are as docile and yielding in minor matters as the weakest

of their sex; and this in spite of having been, as it were, trained to warfare.

It is sometimes hinted that men *do* like women to be weak and passive, because it makes them feel their own superiority. It is true that a woman whose standard is high will always be more exacting, both towards herself and her friends; more critical, and therefore less flattering, than one who is satisfied with less. The possession of a distinct and noble ideal of what is excellent limits the range within which the faculty of admiration can be exercised. But surely none but the meanest men would wish to degrade women in order to gratify so ignoble a vanity.

The doubt sometimes expressed as to whether average women have sufficient force of brain to justify the hope of success in a pursuit which makes a considerable demand upon mental power, is difficult to answer in the absence of data to go upon. Till women have the same educational advantages as men there can be no basis of comparison. All women who do anything are self-made, and can only be fairly compared with self-made men. The achievements in science and literature of such women as Mrs. Somerville, Harriet Martineau, Anna Swanwick, and the author of "Adam Bede," must be taken as representing, besides what is actually accomplished, a reserve of force expended in overcoming special obstacles. For women have to contend, not only with the negative drawbacks of incomplete education and a secluded life, but also with that peculiarly subtle and deadening influence which consists in feeling constantly—or, at least, till they have conquered a high place for themselves—that nothing very good is expected from them. Among all the heavy burdens and discouragements which weigh them down, there is, perhaps, none more universally depressing.

The exceptionally strong, no doubt, rise above it. But a portion of their strength is consumed in the struggle. Effort cannot be put forth without corresponding exhaustion. In the meantime the success which has been attained

by women, in the face of peculiar difficulties, encourages a sanguine estimate of what they may do under more favourable circumstances.

The same consideration must be borne in mind while dealing with the further question, Have women sufficient physical and nervous strength to endure so arduous a life? Will they not break down in the attempt?

It is tolerably easy to answer this question in so far as it relates to the influence of the mere study of medicine on the health of the student. No one who knows what the course of study really is doubts that women of good average health could prepare themselves for examination without any undue tax upon either their mental or physical powers. The important part of the question is that which relates to the after-life of practice as a physician.

Are women strong enough for *that*? In the absence of experience we can but suggest a few considerations which tend to reassure us on this point. It may be noticed in the first place, with regard to physical strength, that wherever it is needed in other callings women are not, as a rule, incapacitated by the want of it. A physician would not need to be so strong as a nurse, a washerwoman, or a charwoman. She might be much weaker physically than the woman who stands behind a counter or who does needlework for fourteen hours daily. Moreover, the demand for both muscular and nervous strength comes gradually to a physician. During the first few years of professional life he is not overwhelmed with work, and he has time to become accustomed to a fair amount of exertion. When in really full practice, he can afford to spare himself much fatigue, as for instance by keeping a carriage instead of using cabs or walking. The same is true of night work. Inexperienced people are apt to think that, because a doctor is sometimes called up, he scarcely ever gets a good night's rest; whereas the truth probably is, that a physician in even large practice is not often called up more than once or twice in the week.

One piece of evidence of some importance may be mentioned upon this point. Many of the midwives employed by the Royal Maternity Charity have an amount of practice which in the number of cases greatly exceeds that of any physician practising among the wealthy classes. One of these women, whose skill and kindness render her a great favourite with her patients, is also employed by the Marylebone Dispensary. She attends as many as nine hundred patients annually, *i.e.* an average of about three every twenty-four hours, exclusive of Sundays. She not only goes to each patient's house when first summoned, and acts as both doctor and nurse, but after the birth of the child she visits and attends to the two patients for several days. She never expects to pass a night in peace; she walks to all her patients; she has been thus employed for some years, and she is at the present time a remarkably healthy and vigorous woman.

With regard to the mental strain involved in a physician's life, it must be remembered that there is a good deal of practice which does not bring anxiety. A young physician is more or less anxious about all but the most trivial cases when he has not much practice. As his experience widens he finds the work more easy, and the proportion of cases which tax his nervous strength does not very rapidly increase. For some years, too, it is his duty to obtain in all serious cases the support of an opinion based upon wider experience than his own, and by doing so he is relieved of much of the responsibility and anxiety he would otherwise incur. Moreover, as his knowledge increases he learns to recognise the cases in which the failure of his art is certain, cases beyond the skill of any physician; he sees what is *not* to be done, and from that moment is anxious only to relieve suffering: he cannot be anxious about a result which is beyond his control.

An appointment in a public institution is usually held by a young practitioner before entering upon private practice, and is most useful in accus-

toming him to the responsibilities of his profession. A conscientious physician, who thinks both of his patient and of science, is as anxious to do his best, and to do it in the best way, for hospital or dispensary as for private patients. But perhaps from seeing a great number of patients, apart from their surroundings, he learns to think more of the science and less of his own responsibility. His thought is, "I have done my best; I have tried diligently to fit myself for judging what is best; I am not responsible for more." Moreover, encouragement comes continually; by the side of some disappointments he has to place many successes.

It is possible, however, that some women would be unable to free themselves from what might become an intolerable burden of anxiety. Also to some the constant sight of suffering would be more than could be borne without serious injury to health. The condition of exalted, almost morbid sensibility, in which every sense is preternaturally acute and every mental act a keen excitement—the condition which, in the absence of an English name, is known as *l'état nerveux*—would certainly unfit its victim for the work of a physician. But happily this is a rare and exceptional condition, and one which a life of unselfish and varied activity is the least likely to engender. In considering the effect any proposed change in the lives and habits of women may possibly have upon their health, we must not forget what may be urged against the mode of life now prescribed. It is conceivable that a life of greater activity and of increased responsibility might be found too exacting in some individual cases. What we have to consider is whether this risk is worth incurring. No one knows how many women there are whose physical and mental health is now destroyed by the dreary vacuity of the lives they are compelled to lead. It is not true that enforced idleness—a life empty of any keen interest, empty of invigorating moral and intellectual discipline—is merely "rather dull." It is terribly

demoralizing. It is the immediate parent of hysteria, insanity, and vice.¹

An objection of even greater practical weight is, that if women entered the medical profession one of two things would happen : either they would marry, and by so doing lose the benefit of all that had been spent on their professional education, or they would be tempted to abandon their natural sphere as wives and mothers, and in fact to give up their *raison d'être*. Assuming for a moment that a married woman could not practise as a physician, and that therefore a woman would have to choose between marrying and remaining in her profession, it may be fairly asked if to have such a choice would be a misfortune either to herself or to any one else ? Is it desirable that women should be driven into marriage by the erection of artificial barriers before every other path leading to happiness and dignity ? Would any man like to think he had been taken into the holiest and closest of relationships as the only mode of escape from an *ennui* which was rapidly becoming intolerable ? Men give up a good deal for the sake of marriage—would it injure a woman to have something to give up also ? A profession which brings to those who practise it worthily a source of keen and lasting interest, and the dignity of a good social position, would remove the humiliation of celibacy, while it would not hinder the right kind of marriage.

But it is not necessary to assume that a woman must certainly abandon her profession if she marries. This would not be the result if she had no children. Childless wives—and they number one-eighth of all married women—are not much less in need of an occupation than they were before marriage ; and a woman who had previously had the care of a house in addition to her professional work, would find no difficulty in combining both duties afterwards. The fact of her marriage would perhaps increase the value of her services as a physician to some of her patients. Even

¹ See Mandsley's "Physiology and Pathology of the Mind."

if she had children, it is difficult to see why she should not retain her consulting-room practice, although it might be necessary to give up some of the general family visiting. In the lower branches of the profession, where the consulting-room practice bears a very small proportion to the visiting, a married woman with children could still share the practice with her husband if he were a doctor. They could work together as partners even if, owing to her other duties, she could not undertake as much of the work as he did.

In thus expressing our opinion that women physicians need not consider themselves pledged to celibacy, it must be understood that we refer only to those who have completed the course as students, and have gained a foothold of their own in the profession by some years of steady and diligent work as general practitioners, or as physicians. If they choose to marry before or immediately after receiving their diploma, they must be prepared to give up the hope of attaining eminence in their profession, or indeed any independent position at all. Even in this case they would probably have no cause to regret their knowledge of medicine.

But, turning from the consideration of all that has been said against the study of medicine by women, we may ask what there is of positive advantage to be pleaded in favour of such an innovation. Has the profession of medicine any intrinsic advantages ? Can any of these be said to apply with less force to women than to men ? What is the legitimate influence of the study of medicine on the student ? of the study and practice on the physician ?

At the present time, when we are perhaps about to pass into the stage of reaction against classical and in favour of scientific education, it would be superfluous to dwell at any length upon the advantages to be derived from the study of science. It is, doubtless, possible to exaggerate the result which the medical student may expect to gain from the introduction to science. But even the minimum effect can scarcely

fail to do good. It is no small intellectual benefit to be made capable of perceiving law and order in every subdivision of science, of recognising the harmony which exists among them. Many of the details of botany, zoology, anatomy, and chemistry will inevitably be forgotten by students who only take up these subjects on their way to medicine; but in most cases, the leading principles, the most important generalizations in each science will remain in the mind as a permanent possession of great value. To be made capable, for instance, of keenly enjoying such a book as Grove's "Correlation of the Physical Forces" is no trifling or temporary advantage. It is a gain for life.

Advancing to the study of medicine proper, *i.e.* medicine at the bedside, the student is first taught to observe accurately, to acquire the habit of intellectual patience, the habits of order and of diligence. He is compelled to reason as well as to observe, to apply as well as to collect facts; and he gets this discipline while studying a profession which is eminently worth studying,—one which justifies whatever of diligent labour is bestowed upon it. The more important advantages to be derived from the practice of medicine, include all those first gained by the student. The physician is still a learner; the practice of his profession is still its study; if he would advance he must never lose the reverence for truth, the habits of diligence and order acquired as a student. But other and more valuable discipline comes to him who is prepared to receive it. The physician is brought into close and friendly contact with all classes of his fellow-creatures; he is peculiarly able to enter into many of the special difficulties, temptations, and burdens of each; he knows far more than most men do of the mass of suffering beings in a city like this; "of the ignorance, "recklessness, and self-indulgence too "often found side by side with the

"most terrible poverty, each repro-
"ducing and increasing the other." The sick man, full of sores, lying at our gates, is known to no one better. But the observant physician sees too much to be able to cheat himself into the belief that all the misery before him is chargeable on the faults which accompany it, or that the responsibility of these is chargeable on that class alone which exhibits them most strikingly. He does not find much comfort in the trivial palliative remedies suggested or applied by the easy good-nature of individuals. Coming into immediate contact with the poor, he sees that the habit of providence is directly discouraged by fortuitous benevolence; he is compelled to inquire for some sounder way of helping them. He is forced to desire large measures of reform in education; to desire everything which will tend to develop the intelligence of the poor, and strengthen in them the habits of industry, temperance, and self-restraint. It is his privilege—if he can but resist the hardening influences of an accumulation of details in daily life, and bring with the art of healing the sympathy of brotherhood—to bear witness in perhaps the most intelligible way for the Divine Healer and Brother of mankind.

Nor is it only when among the poor that the true physician needs a spirit rich in sympathy, and tenderness, and wisdom. The winnowing moments are not few when the chaff of unreal beliefs and worldly commonplaces is swept away in his presence, and he stands—alas! how dumb and empty!—before one whose eyes plead for whatever of light he has to offer. They are moments of spiritual discipline of the highest, the most searching kind.

Need we say more? Can it be that either the study or the discipline of such a life would be less valuable to a woman than to a man, or that her nature unfits her to respond to such training?

REALMAH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

CHAPTER XV.

I AM so anxious to get on with the story of Realmah that I do not like to interrupt it by the account of long conversations. I cannot help, however, giving a part of a conversation which occurred when we assembled together to hear a reading. Sir John Ellesmere had been propounding one of his favourite maxims; namely, that all vice is but dulness.

Ellesmere. Not idleness, you know; but dulness. How often the word dull could advantageously be substituted for wicked, or malicious, or cruel, or criminal! Many a puffy, fluffy sentence of historians might be most advantageously abridged if they would but use the right words. I will give an instance.

An historian of the Huns, a learned Hun, not known to many people, but much studied by me, writes as follows of Attila:—"The great King's disposition, which, even in his earliest years, could not have been accounted as humane and forbearing as that of other Huns, was now exacerbated by the impertinent and unwarrantable resistance which had been opposed to his victorious and civilizing arms by the inhabitants of Verona, Mantua, and Brescia: he felt that the power he had gained by unsparing vigour might be lost by the exercise of a mercy that would have been considered weakness: religious controversy, in the course of which a fanatic Christian had dared to suggest that the great King was the scourge of God, had not sweetened his temper, or soothed his suspiciousness: moreover, the number of his prisoners embarrassed and delayed his progress; and accordingly Attila resolved to put them all to the sword."

Now, I should merely say, Attila was dull that day; and, wanting something to amuse him, ordered a general slaughter of the prisoners.

Sir Arthur. What an historian is lost to the world in this great lawyer! But what is your remedy, Ellesmere, for dulness?

Ellesmere. Oh, inducing men to take an interest in what you would call little things; in cultivating all manner of small pursuits—that is, if they cannot be persuaded to take up great ones. A man who loves his garden, and works in it, is sure to be a less dull, and therefore a better man, than other men who have no such pursuit. This is a very commonplace remark; but it is true.

Milverton. I quite agree with you.

Ellesmere. I don't believe that any of you see the full force of what I mean. Calumny, ill-nature, malice—all the minor vices, which, however, give so much pain to the world, are merely functions, to use a mathematical phrase, of dulness.

Now, suppose I were to die suddenly. I might easily do so of irritable over-yawning some day in the House of Commons, or at the Bar. In the — case, that fellow Wordall spoke consecutively for three days—his speech in all exceeding fourteen hours, when it might easily have been made in one and a half. I had to listen, because I had to reply to the fellow, and I declare to you I might have expired then and there, from suppressed irritability.

Well, I die. Now I do believe I am not an unpopular fellow, and that a good many men rather like me than not; but their first feeling would be of satisfaction at something having happened that interested them, that they could go home and tell their wives: "My dear, such a sad thing has happened; Sir John Ellesmere is dead—and suddenly. You've heard of him, of course? He was Leonard Milverton's great friend. A much cleverer fellow, by the way, as people, who knew them both, have often told me! There was always some good saying of his floating about the world. He was the man who said that the greatest humbug of all humbugs is the pretending to despise humbug."

"Poor fellow, I am afraid he had a sad time of it with Milady! You have only to look at her face to see that she has a temper of her own. A *nez* does not become *retroussé* by internal *angelic* influences." (Don't hit me, Lady Ellesmere. Milverton, you should protect your guests against battery and assault.)

Now this heartlessness about my death; this just but depreciatory view of poor Mil-

verton ; this painful truthfulness about poor Lady Ellesmere,—all of it is the result, not of ill-nature, but of dulness. Dulness it is that creates the momentary unkindness. The same thing with calumny : people calumniate because they are dull : in nine times out of ten they do not mean any harm.

Sir Arthur. Moralist as well as historian ! We shall never come to the end of Ellesmere's powers. But what pursuit have you got, Sir John, which always prevents you from being dull, and therefore malicious ?

Lady Ellesmere. Why, don't you know, Sir Arthur ? Perhaps, though, you thought the other day, when my amiable husband talked about setting up balloons, he was joking. Would that it were so ! There is a back room in our house in town, where knocking and hammering, and screwing and pasting, and warming and cooling, and gas-burning are constantly going on. He and his clerk, for they are both bitten with the same mania, shut themselves up in that room for hours ; and it is as much as my place is worth to disturb them. Sometimes, when things are going well with them, I am kept awake through the small hours of the night to hear all about the machine, which is to combine lightness with strength and with power, and is to enable us all to be aeronauts. Truth, not dulness, compels me to say that my husband has all other demerits known in the human character but that of dulness—that is, dulness for himself, because he can make other people dull by being so eminently disagreeable.

Sir Arthur. I think you are paid off, Ellesmere, for what you have made your friend say about Lady Ellesmere ; but if we once get into recriminations of this kind, we shall never have the reading, so please, Milverton, begin.

Ellesmere. Stay a bit. I must say more. I want to show you how benevolent my view of dulness makes me. When I hear that any man has been speaking ill of me behind my back, I am not angry with him, but I merely say to myself, "How dull he must have been to have had nothing better to do !" I long to address to him an oration in the form of a single sentence, the outlines of which I have often imagined, and talked over to myself. The gracious Milverton was good enough, as you will perhaps remember, to tell me, patronisingly, that some sentence I uttered some time ago was not so bad.

Lady Ellesmere. Take breathing time, John. I wonder, by the way, whether ears can take hearing time ; for, if so, we must all prepare for John's oration, which is to be compressed into one grand, full (perhaps we may say overflowing) sentence.

Ellesmere. Yes, my dear, prepare ; for it is always a difficult thing for a woman to listen for any time to anything that is well worth hearing.

I should take my dull malinger aside (probably it would be in Westminster Hall), tell him I had heard what he had said of me—prove to him that it was not my demerit, but his dulness, which had caused him to speak in that manner of me ; and should then address him thus :—

"What, dull ! when you do not know what gives its loveliness of form to the lily, its depth of colour to the violet, its balm of sweetness to the rose ; when you do not know in what consists the venom of the adder any more than you can imitate the glad movements of the dove ; when, unlike the wisest of monarchs and of men, far from knowing trees as he did, 'from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall,' you do not know anything even of the two extremes of Solomon's great knowledge in this behalf ; and when even these crushed syringa¹ leaves might form a subject for you to investigate, which, for the remainder of your natural life, should save you from dulness :—what, dull ! when the all-pervading forces and powers of chemistry are unknown to you ; when light, heat, electricity are mere words to you, clad with no more ideas for you than they are for that boy who is whistling as he goes along, unmindful, nay unconscious, of the beauty and grandeur of this glorious building :—what, dull ! when earth, air, and water are all alike mysteries to you ; and when, as you stretch out your hand, you do not touch anything the properties of which you have mastered ; while, all the time, Nature is inviting you to talk earnestly with her, to understand her, to subdue her, and to be blessed by her :—what, dull ! when you have not travelled to the ends of the earth, and have not seen what your forefathers, the mighty men of old—some of whom were not dull men—have formed, and built, and restrained, and vanquished :—what, dull ! when you have travelled over so few minds, and have not read the hundred great books of the world—for there have been at least a hundred books written by men who were not dull, and whose works fulfil the words of Samson,

¹ Lady Ellesmere afterwards told us that Sir John was passionately fond of the syringa, and that she had made an arrangement for a gardener who comes to Covent Garden to supply her with flowers and leaves from this shrub, which, as she said, she sometimes gave her husband when he was good.

when he went down to Timnath to take a wife from among the Philistines, and found that which, as he said, combined leonine strength with honied sweetness :—what, dull ! when you know nothing of the niceties of theology, the subtleties of metaphysics, the closeness of logic, the completeness of mathematics, the intricacies, and withal the beauties, of jurisprudence and of law :—dull, you say ; and you know nothing, comparatively nothing, of the long, finely-woven chain-work of history, telling you, as best it can, of the innumerable tribes of men who have fought and bled—sinned, suffered, and rejoiced—even as we are now doing, in these which are rashly denominated the latter ages :—what, dull ! when Art divine, whether expressed in painting, in sculpture, or in architecture, is a thing which, even when you admire it, you ignorantly gaze at, as the heathens at Athens ignorantly worshipped their ‘Unknown God’ :—what, dull ! when there are thousands, nay millions of human beings, at least as worthy as yourself (ay, and poor animals too ; for God only knows how much they need care, and what a burden lies upon our souls for our conduct to them), some of whom might be aided, cheered, improved, invigorated, soothed, by the smallest deed or word of sympathy on your part. Go away, man : learn something, do something, understand something ; and let me hear no more of your dulness condensing itself into malignity.”

Sir Arthur. I think I see the poor man dazed and amazed by Ellesmere’s torrent of grand words, and passing the remainder of his life, not in the expression of dull malignity, but in the vain endeavour to recall Ellesmere’s sentence. By the way, is it not droll to see that he brought in, unconsciously, one or two legal phrases, such as “in this behalf”—“Solomon’s knowledge in this behalf?”

Mauleverer. It was a full and gorgeous sentence. Ellesmere would be a grand fellow if he were not so disagreeable sometimes.

Lady Ellesmere. When ? How ? Where ? Never to anybody, Mr. Mauleverer, but to me ; and he has a right to be so to me, if he pleases.

Milverton. Don’t be angry, Mildred. Mauleverer only said that to tease you ; and, as the vulgar say, to get “a rise” out of you.

Lady Ellesmere. I am much obliged to him, I am sure.

Ellesmere. Now then, Milverton, you may proceed. After a great effort of mind, one cannot stoop to answer small criticisms.

Milverton. I will proceed : but after one of these grand flights of Ellesmere’s, which

occur about two or three times a year, I really am ashamed to read to you my poor, slow, dull, creeping, crawling sentences.

The reading then commenced.

THE STORY OF REALMAH.

CHAP. XXXII.

THE SHAM FIGHT.

IN the embroidered language of the Sheviri (and all people in the beginning of their education are fond of this embroidery), a hundred times since the last day of the siege had the celestial maiden who adorns the heavens grown up from delicate childhood to the full beauty of womanhood, when we are again called to look upon the town of Abibah.

Very different was it from that town as it might have been beheld on the day succeeding the siege. It had greatly increased both in size and beauty. Its new foundations had been made much more substantial ; and the buildings placed upon them were of a much more enduring character than those which had been consumed in the great fire. That part of the town, however, which had not suffered from fire, remained unaltered, and Realmah still continued to occupy his palace in that quarter.

Most men hate details, and it is a delightful thing for the historian and the novelist, as well as for their readers, that they can judiciously pass over details ; and, as in dramatic writing, bring a fresh scene before you without tiresome explanations as to what had occurred in the interval between that scene and the previous one commemorated.

It was early on a beautiful morning that Realmah came forth from his palace, accompanied by many courtiers and attendants. He was much altered in appearance. He walked with greater difficulty, and his face was deeply marked with the long furrows ploughed in by that sedulous husbandman, Care. He was more richly dressed than he had formerly been, but the old habit of carelessness was still strong upon him, so that his clothes seemed to be huddled on anyhow.

As he descended the steps of the palace, he tripped and nearly fell, whereupon a courtier, who—though a courtier—knew but little of human nature, rushed forward to assist the King; which assistance Realmah waved away with a gesture of petulance, for great people do not like to be thought failing in strength, and do not approve of being publicly assisted.

Joy and excitement sat upon the faces of all the people of Abibah that morning—on all, at least, but that of the King; and he seemed not unhappy, but only anxious.

A large historical work might be written to commemorate the proceedings of Realmah during these waxings and wanings of the celestial goddess by whose movements they chiefly measured time. There is, however, so much material for history in the world that there are long periods abounding in great transactions which are obliged to be chronicled in a few sentences; and every day the need for compression in historical narrative becomes greater.

This day was the day of the year on which a festival was held to commemorate the last day of the siege, when the greater part of the city was consumed by fire, and when the men of the North were driven away.

Hitherto this festival had been celebrated in a common-place way—by games, feasts, and illuminations; but to-day a much more striking mode of commemorating the great event was to be adopted. The scene was to be acted over again, without, of course, the accompaniment of fire; but there were to be parties of besieged and besiegers; in short, a mock fight. The King had with great difficulty been induced to give his consent to this mode of celebration.

He had been inclined to remind his people of a very ancient proverb which had much meaning in it, and ran thus, "*In the games there are no two sons of the same mother,*" intimating that even in playful contest all the ties of brotherhood are forgotten. The King, however, restrained himself from saying this, by thinking of another proverb,

"*Why tell him that his two eyes look two different ways?*" meaning, it is no good telling people of evils which they cannot cure.¹

Still, Realmah did not like the idea of this mimic fight, and was not by any means sure that it would not lead to serious consequences; the more so as he had detected some unwillingness to serve in those young men to whom it had fallen by lot to play the part of the besiegers. However, they all looked very happy on this bright morning, for the spirits of people are always raised when they put on their best clothes.

Iron weapons had been brought to a great state of perfection, but these were not allowed to be used on the present occasion, except by the King's guard, who were not to take any part in the action.

During the earlier part of the day everything went well; but, after some hours of struggle, men's tempers began to be irritated; and what annoyed the besiegers greatly was the part which the women took in the fight, both in jeering at them, and also in throwing down upon them glutinous masses made from the gums of trees, which caused very severe contusions.

It was in the new market-place that the sham fight raged most furiously. The time came when the leaders of the besieging force were to give the signals for retreat; but some of them, especially the younger ones, refrained from giving the appointed signals, and the common soldiers were so excited that those orders which were given by the older officers were not attended to. In short, the fight at this point became a real one.

Realmah, wearied with the day's proceedings, and seeing that, as far as he had observed, nothing unpleasant had occurred, had retired to his palace, when news was brought to him that

¹ Though the best proverbs are common to all nations, we find something peculiar in the proverbs of each nation. For instance, this was a favourite proverb of the Shewiri which I do not remember to have seen elsewhere—"Do not turn round sharply lest you catch them laughing at you."

the worst he had anticipated was occurring.

Hastily summoning his guards, he rushed to the market-place and into the thickest of the fray. Before the combatants were thoroughly aware of his presence, he had received two wounds, one in the arm and one in the thigh; and several people were either slain or much injured by the royal guards in their endeavour to protect the fallen King.

At last the tumult was allayed, and Realmah was carried back on a litter to his palace.

For some time he was insensible, for he was a man very sensitive to the effects of pain; but, to the astonishment of the Varnah and of all the bystanders, when the medicine-men had dressed his wounds, he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and was heard to mutter to himself many times, "There never was anything so fortunate."

Throughout the city that evening it was generally reported and believed that the King was delirious. The shame and vexation of the men of Abibah were unutterable; as also their fears, for they feared that they would never be forgiven by their King.

CHAP. XXXIII.

REALMAH'S GREAT PROJECT.

THEY erred, indeed, who thought that the words of the King, which had expressed his joy, and declared his good fortune, in having been wounded, were the words of delirium. Never had Realmah been more sane than when, with laughter, he had uttered those words; for he saw in that occurrence an additional means of carrying into action a project which, from his earliest years, had been very near to his heart.

He was one of those men who, even when not gifted with genius, or with manifold talents, yet have their way in the world, simply because they never become tired of their projects.

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What chance have ordinary men against such men as these? The ordinary man, after he has said his say a few times, begins to be tired of that saying. If he is a person of any refinement, he becomes ashamed of so much repetition. He seeks to clothe his idea, even if he maintains it, in new words; and at last, perhaps, he varies, not only the expression, but the substance of his idea. Now, the world of thought is a thing which requires to be penetrated by constant hammering in the same place. What would be thought of the woodman who became tired or ashamed of driving his axe into the one cutting which he had begun to make in the tree? It would be a long time before that tree would be felled, if it had only such an inconstant woodman to attack it.

In a neighbouring territory, belonging to a people called the Azarees, there was a narrow strip of land which was occupied by a fortress belonging to the Sheviri. Some generations past, the Sheviri had conquered the Azarees; and, after the conquest, had held this strip of land, and built this fortress, as a means of keeping the Azarees in a kind of subjection, and also of controlling all the tribes on the lake which had to pass that way, as it was in the nature of a defile which had to be passed by many peoples.

From his earliest years, bred up in government in the house of his uncle, Realmah had been much accustomed to listen to the talk of statesmen and ambassadors. The silent, reserved boy had heard the old statesmen of his nation gloat over the fact that this fortress was a thorn in the side of all their enemies, and even of their allies. He had also noticed what a bitter subject of complaint the existence of this fortress had often been with the ambassadors from foreign tribes. Without daring to breathe a word of what he thought, the studious boy had come to a conclusion totally different from his elders, and had even, at the age of fourteen, resolved, that if ever he should come to power, he would win the hearts of all

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the nations of the lake by abolishing, in time of peace, this obnoxious fortress.

He *had* come to power; and the resolve of his boyhood was as much fixed in his mind as ever. With that patient sagacity, however, which was so striking a part of his character, he waited for some time before he even dared to broach to his wise favourite, the court jester, the strange idea which beset him. Not from the jester even, not from any of his most intimate friends, did he at first win a single word of encouragement for his great project. They had not in their vocabulary the word "romantic," or they would have used it; but they had the word "starlight," which they used in the same sense as we use moonshine, signifying something which is unreal, which pretends to be warm, and is not. There was not a soul to whom Realmah at first confided his great project who did not intimate to him that his idea was starlight. Even the Ainah, to whom he told it first, had but said in answer, "If all men were like my Realmah, it would be well to be so generous; but there are none like him." And Realmah sighed, for the fondness of her words did not console him for the absence of her sympathy with him in this his dearest project.

The way in which his proposition was received by three or four of his principal councillors may well illustrate the difficulties with which Realmah had to contend. When he did at last broach the matter to the court jester, that great functionary, as was natural, conveyed his views chiefly by means of a fable.

He said that of course the great king, who was not only the greatest but the most learned man in his dominions, must know the old fable about "the good-natured Otlocol."

"That magnificent but fearful creature, the Otlocol, was wont in former days to hold long conversations with mankind; and the particular Otlocol in question would often walk about the ancient streets of Abibah.

"One day a friend of his, a man, said, My good Otlocol, why do you take such trouble in getting your food, being up

all night sometimes, as I hear, to hunt after the poor reindeer?¹ If you would but allow me just to break off the ends of those two formidable teeth of yours, and pare your front claws a little, everybody would be delighted to partake their food with you. But now, good-natured as you are, people are a little afraid of you. Then, even the little children would share their crusts with you."

"The good-natured Otlocol, always ready to believe what his friends told him, consented. The teeth were broken, and the nails were pared, by his kind friend. But somehow or other, from that day forth, the Otlocol grew thinner and thinner. He did not, after all, find so many people ready to share their bones and their crusts with him. He was no longer interesting, now that he could not do anybody any harm; and, in the end, the poor animal died of starvation.

"That is all that your poor jester has to say, my prince, to your magnanimous proposal."

The next person that Realmah tried was Llamah-Mah. That courtier was dismayed. He had never yet disagreed with the King; but there are bounds to everything, and even Llamah-Mah could not give his approbation to the surrender of this fortress. But though he could not assent, he could flatter; and, after a few minutes' silence, he said to Realmah: "The King is always wise and judicious; but I have observed sometimes that his wisdom takes a higher flight upon the second discussion of any great subject than that which it did on the first."

Realmah knew full well what a decided negative was most unwillingly conveyed by Llamah-Mah in these flattering words.

Not daunted, however, he resolved to lay the question before Lariska. Here there was not so fatal and immediate a negative, for Lariska was always delighted to discuss anything; but he

¹ The reindeer in those times came as far south as the Swiss lakes, as may be seen from the bones that have been exhumed from the bottom of those lakes.

had so many ingenious things to say against the proposition, as well as some few things for it, that Realmah felt more disheartened by his discourse than by that of either of the others.

The next day the King broached the matter to Londardo. Now, as we know, Londardo was one of those men who think that the reasons for, or against, anything, are about equal, and that the main object in this world's affairs is to adopt some course, and to keep consistently to that. After listening carefully to Realmah's explanation of his project, Londardo looked very grave; and, to Realmah's astonishment, asked for two days' delay before he should say anything at all about the matter.

When those two days had elapsed, Londardo waited upon the King. Without any preamble he said, "It is a great idea, and I should be for its adoption if only we could, from this moment, act consistently with the continuous generosity that such a plan demands. It will not do to be conquering here, and giving up the results of conquest there. For example, you had thought of punishing the disobedience of the Malguas—that must be abandoned, and you must give them the option of refusing all allegiance to you. From all quarters there must come, at the same time, reports of your generosity and of your unwillingness to place a yoke upon any new tributaries.

"Public affairs differ from private affairs only in largeness; and, if you observe, the effect of great forbearance and generosity in dealing with private individuals, breaks down solely because you do not go far enough. You keep up some restriction, or maintain some advantage; and, in doing this, you retain as much odium as if you had maintained all your advantages, and kept up all your restrictions. I will vote as you would wish me in the council, provided you will, from that time, be consistent in a course of complete generosity."

This conversation took place in the early days of Realmah's reign. Londardo, as we have seen, was slain by

the Northmen; and bitterly did the King mourn over the loss of such a councillor—especially in regard to this great project.

It is not needful to give in detail the constant efforts made, both in council and out of council, by Realmah to win over his chief friends and councillors. Suffice it to say, however, that gradually he did win them over.

I do not think he would have been able to do so, but that this project of abandoning the fortress called Ravala-Mamee was consistent with the rest of Realmah's policy, which had proved eminently successful. The older councillors were astounded when they found that embassies came to Realmah, absolutely offering him a kind of suzerainty over nations that had hitherto been in no manner whatever connected with the Sheviri.

These councillors began to see that there really is such a thing as the power of love, as well as the power of hatred. Oh, if Realmah had but been blessed with such a religion as Christianity in his time, what a difference there might have been in the aspect of the world!

The councillors had been at last convinced of the wisdom of Realmah's policy, but they dreaded its being put forth to the people. Year after year they had persuaded the King to postpone the announcement of his intentions, always using the common phrase of statesmen in all ages and in all nations, that the time was not ripe for it; as if *the time were ever ripe for the utterances of a great man—as if he did not create the time!*

It may appear surprising to the hearers of this tale that these secret conferences of Realmah with his friends and his councillors on this important subject, lasting as these conferences did for so many years, never became known to his people, nor even to the inhabitants of Abibah. This fact was in direct contradiction to a celebrated proverb, or rather trilogy of proverbs, said to have been made by the King himself.

It is this—*The dragon-fly told the bee*

a secret: the whole hive of bees knew it that evening.

The dragon-fly told another dragon-fly the secret: for three whole days it remained a secret.

The dragon-fly told the lark the secret: the lark soared up to heaven and did not think much of the dragon-fly's secret: the other larks never knew it.

This proverb, naturally a kingly one, meant: "Trust equals a little: inferiors not at all: superiors (that is, me the King) thoroughly."

Now, Realmah had not been betrayed by these inferiors to whom he had trusted the great secret. But the reason why it had never been betrayed was evidently this—that each man who knew it, feared that he might be considered by the common people as a traitor to his country, if he knew of such a project, and had not at once put his veto upon it.

It was as if, in the times of Louis XIII. of France, a man should have been known to have had correspondence with the Court of Spain.

This will show the dangers and the difficulties which Realmah had to encounter in the execution of this great design. In truth, for the last twenty years he had maintained this project at the risk of his throne, and even of his life.

Milverton. I do not think that I am especially timid or nervous on ordinary occasions of speaking or talking. I feel what I suppose all people feel when they have to make a speech. One's heart beats a little faster for a few minutes before the time, and one feels that, on this particular occasion, one is sure to make a failure of it. But when I have got through my first sentence, and have looked into the eyes of my audience, I am seldom troubled by any further embarrassment.

So, in talking: I never feel nervous or uncomfortable, except when I have to explain something, or to argue about something, that will require a certain portion of time to be given to it, and which time I know my auditors will not, or cannot give. One becomes very nervous then.

Crammer. That is a very frequent case. I have often felt it myself.

Ellesmere. Probably; but proceed, Milverton, with what you were going to say.

Milverton. Well, I was going to say that to-day I am in a permanent state of nervousness, which has almost hitherto been unknown to me.

I feel that you are to a certain extent representative men. If I fail in persuading any of you, I know that I have no chance with the world in general.

Of course, you see what I have been aiming at, and why I have written the story of Realmah. I do not care at all about your saying that mine has been an inartistic mode of proceeding—namely, the writing of a story with a purpose. It is my way of doing the thing, and you must bear with it. At any rate you must own, that I have followed Goethe's great maxim of not talking away my interest in the subject. You have never heard me speak about it, and yet it has been in my mind for years.

Ellesmere. What a restraint the man must have put upon himself! It is just what my favourites, the dogs, do. They could talk well enough about the subjects nearest to their hearts, but they have read their Carlyle, and they know that stern purpose is gradually frittered away by idle talk.

Milverton. Now I want to discuss the matter most carefully with you; and you must allow me to commence the discussion. I should wish to divide my subject into five heads.

Ellesmere. Good heavens! this is becoming serious. I should like to tell you my experience about a sermon that was divided into five heads.

Milverton. Now, don't joke, Ellesmere.

Ellesmere. Sir Oliver Roundhead come again! who never laughed himself, nor ever permitted any of his family to laugh. But, indeed, I will be a thoroughly good boy, and as serious as the men who sell fish about the streets, for I have observed they never joke with their customers.

Milverton. (1) *The diminution of expense.* And to this branch of the subject I especially invite Mr. Crammer's attention, reminding him of Tennyson's words,

"And that eternal want of pence
Which vexes public men;"

which I know vexes him and Mr. Gladstone, and sundry other great financial authorities.

You, Sir Arthur, who love the works of the great Greek tragedians, will recollect that passage in the "*Prometheus vinctus*," in which Prometheus is exhorted to cease from his philanthropic ways. I have often thought how that applies to modern times. If Governments will indulge in philanthropic ways, they must be prepared for constantly

increasing expense in this direction. For instance, if we are to go on taking care of the health and sanitary conditions of the people, the expenses of our Medical Department must go on increasing.

If we are to go on educating the people, the expenses of the Education Department must inevitably increase.

If we are to go on cultivating art and science amongst our people, the expenses of the Art and Science Department must also increase.

If we are to go on caring for the recreation of the people, there will be increased expense in this direction.

And, taking the Civil Service generally, considering that, under the new order of things, it will require to be strengthened and added to, rather than to be reduced, and that of all men in this country, excepting country surgeons, the public servants are the worst paid, I do not see how we can hope for any reduction of expenditure under the heads I have just enumerated.

I stop here for the moment, and wish to know what Sir Arthur and Mr. Cranmer will say.

Sir Arthur. You are quite right, Milverton; these philanthropic ways must not cease.

Cranmer. And I have no hope of reducing the Civil Service estimates. That excellent man, Joseph Hume, did not look for much economy in that direction.

Milverton. Very good. Where, then, must we look for it? I answer, mainly in the naval, military, and colonial departments.

Ellesmere. Of course we all know that. So far the Court is with you.

Milverton. Now, I say that the way in which the expenses in those departments are to be reduced, is *not by diminishing expense over the whole surface generally, and so producing general weakness everywhere, but by totally doing away with the need for expense at certain fixed points.*

The above I hold to be a great maxim, applicable alike in private and in public affairs. Don't stint your wife and your children, and your servants and your horses, but do away with the carriage and horses at once, if you really cannot afford to keep it handsomely.

Of course you see how I mean to apply this. The wisest political move in our time was the cession of the Ionian Islands. What was the expense to us annually, Cranmer, of the Ionian Islands?

Cranmer. Say £50,000.

Milverton. May I ask you, Cranmer, what has been the expense to us of fortifying Alderney?

Cranmer. About £1,177,000.

Milverton. What about Bermuda?

Cranmer. The cost incurred by Imperial Funds for the defence of Bermuda, in 1859-60, was, if I remember rightly, about £87,000.

Milverton. And Gibraltar?

Cranmer. About £420,000 for that year; and I do not think that was a heavy year.

Milverton. For the present I drop the question of expense. You are men of that degree of intelligence and knowledge of the world, that one need not bother you with details, and need only indicate to you a course of argument.

I am now going to the second branch of my subject.

(2) *The increase of prestige.* Mark you, I have not confined myself to any particular case. I do not choose to tell you whether Realma's fortress of Ravala-Mamee means Gibraltar, or Malta, or Bermuda. I argue the case generally; and I say that that nation will gain greatly in prestige which first dares to do some great act of renunciation of the kind that I have intimated. Am I right in this?

Sir Arthur. I am with you.

Cranmer. I doubt.

Mauleverer. Dreams! Moonshine! Starlight!

Ellesmere. I should like the question to be more specific. The peculiar circumstances of the case would much affect my opinion.

Milverton. Well, then, I will be more specific. Suppose that we possess a fortress naturally belonging to another great nation, which nation this fortress menaces, discourages, and mortifies; and suppose that this great nation is one which is never likely to come into direct hostility with ourselves, and the amity of which great nation we should probably win by such an act of renunciation, what should you say then?

Ellesmere. I should say that it would be a grand thing to do; but I should wish to know whether this fortress might not be one which it would be important for us to hold in reference to our own military and naval movements, and our possible hostility with other States. I think that is rather an ugly question, Master Milverton.

Milverton. It is; but I shall be prepared to answer it in its proper place. I beg you to keep to the point, and to answer me, whether there would be any loss of prestige in such an act of renunciation as I propose?

Ellesmere. No, there would not. Prestige is never lost by anything which indicates fearlessness—

Sir Arthur. And magnanimity.

Ellesmere. A thing may be very unwise, and yet not cause you to lose prestige.

Milverton. Very good. I now come to the third branch of the subject.

(3) *Safety for the State.* That safety, you may be sure, in the present condition of the means and appliances for warfare, depends upon the concentration of the powers and forces of the State.

The more you extend the line of possible attack by the enemy, the more you render yourself liable to be defeated at some point, which, though unimportant in itself, as a place to be guarded, is for the moment all-important to you, as being a part of your empire which you are bound to defend. A great empire cannot bear defeat anywhere. I might bring a host of metaphors and similes to illustrate this assertion, but everyday facts will perhaps do so better. You have to take the same care of some obscure British subject, if that man is unduly molested, as you have of your whole Indian dominions. What have you to say to this branch of the subject?

Cranmer. I am with you.

Sir Arthur. So am I.

Milverton. The rest, I perceive, are silent.

Ellesmere. I do not like pledging myself. You see he is gradually getting us into his net. He has nearly gained an assent to three of his propositions, and I do not see what we may be led to. We must beware of letting ourselves be treated as the characters are in an imaginary dialogue. You have your Euphranor and Lycidas and Polyphrates. Euphranor really represents the author, and the other fellows his opponents. Lycidas and Polyphrates seem at first to come out very grandly and boldly; but anybody who is experienced in such writing easily discerns that the buttons are on their foils, while Euphranor's weapon is unguarded. I decline to be Polyphrates.

I tell you what these unhappy characters always remind me of—the performing monkeys of a showman: the poor little creatures hop about gaily enough, but if, springing to the end of their tether, they struggle to get beyond it, the hard-featured showman jerks them back again, and makes them know their proper place, close to his barrel-organ. They are only to dance to his tunes, and are not to be indulged in caperings of their own.

Now, I am not going to be perverse or unreasonable. I will ultimately admit anything that I am convinced of; but I decline, as we go along, to make more admissions than I can help, so that it may not afterwards happen, that Polyphrates having

admitted this, and Polyphrates having said that, Euphranor comes forth triumphantly, and shuts poor Polyphrates up in a syllogism. We are not here to play our parts according to Milverton's bidding, but to argue out a very serious question seriously and guardedly.

Milverton. I proceed to Number 4.

(4) *The physical well-being of the community.*

This part of the subject has incidentally been treated in Number 1, when we were considering the question of expense. All projected improvements tending to the physical well-being of the State are now met with the answer, "No funds."

But I have more to say about it. It is not only that funds are wanting; but time, attention, and forethought are wanting. Look what a lot of time and attention on the part of Ministers and Parliament is taken up by small questions concerning these petty dependencies.

This course of argument will apply to education as well as to physical well-being. The greatest things for our general well-being as a nation fail to have due thought given to them, because we are busied with all manner of details connected with possessions that are really of no use to us.

What do you say to all this?

Mauleverer. Are people any the happier for this physical well-being and for education? I doubt.

Sir Arthur. No, no, Mauleverer; you mustn't go into your usual course of depreciation of all human effort. We must keep close to the subject. For my part I have nothing to say against Milverton as regards this last branch of the subject.

Cranmer. Nor I. I know I never got sufficient attention to anything; and I believe that we, the British people, are distracted from the consideration of matters that most concern us, by a multiplicity of cares and troubles brought to us from afar.

Milverton. I am delighted to hear you say that, Cranmer. I may now proceed to the fifth branch of my subject.

(5) *The advancement and development of Christianity.* I have very little to say upon this head. If you do not feel with me at once, I have no hope of persuading you by long arguments. I would just ask you, is it not most inconsistent to advocate the adoption of Christianity by individuals, and not to ask Governments to act upon principles which are essentially Christian?

You all regret and dread the perpetual increase of armaments in Europe. You admit the cruel and wicked expense of these armaments, the loss occasioned by which has lately been estimated at £178,000,000

per annum, and you ask how on earth this great mischief is to be remedied?

I say that some one nation must make the first move, and why should not this nation be England?

At present it is an auction of folly. Each nation goes on bidding against the other. There is no end to it. It is like the conduct of ostentatious people, contending who shall make most show; and this kind of contest can only be ended by the absolute ruin of almost all the contending parties.

Now, what have you to say to my argument taken as a whole?

Here a curious thing occurred. There was a good deal of whispering between Sir John, Sir Arthur, and Mr. Cranmer; and then Sir John spoke.

Ellesmere. Whenever there is a rude thing to be done, I am the unlucky wight upon whom it falls to do it. We wish that our good host and hostess should take a little conjugal walk, arm in arm, to the fountain in the front garden, and there, reclining on the grass in sweet repose, should consider what they would give us for dinner to-morrow, while we make up our minds what we shall reply to this elaborate talk of Milverton's. He has had time to prepare, and so must we.

Sandy must go too, because, though he is a good and trusty fellow, he so thoroughly belongs to the other camp, that we should be a little afraid of his presence.

Sir Arthur. Just write down for us, Milverton, the heads of your discourse.

Mr. Milverton did so, and left the paper with Sir Arthur. We then began to move away.

Ellesmere. Fairy stays with us.

But Fairy did not stay with them, but moved away slowly in our direction, in the odd fashion that a dog sometimes does, moving its hind legs like a rheumatic old gentleman, indicating a certain unwillingness to go—just what it does when told to go to its kennel, or to go to bed.

We went to the fountain, and I brought out some railway rugs for us to lie down upon. Mr. Milverton soon fell asleep, for he had been up half the night writing the last chapters. Thus half an hour passed. Afterwards we went into the study and worked. At

length we were sent for, and when we had returned to them Sir Arthur began the conversation.

Sir Arthur. It was somewhat impertinent in us, Milverton, to send you and your wife and Mr. Johnson away, but we felt we could discuss the matter better without you, and settle amongst ourselves where the argument was weak, and where it was strong, and what we should finally resolve to say. I am to be the spokesman.

I have first the pleasure of informing you that you have made a convert in the person of Mr. Cranmer.

Cranmer. No, not exactly a convert. I assure you I had many of these ideas floating in my mind before; and now I only mean, that if I were obliged to vote to-day, I should vote with Milverton.

Milverton. I am delighted to hear it, Cranmer.

Ellesmere. Milverton does love anybody who agrees with him. That is the sure way to his heart. You have risen thirty-three and a half per cent. in his affections, Cranmer. I know you like exact calculations.

Sir Arthur. I now resume my office as your spokesman.

In the first place, we are all agreed, except Mauleverer, that philanthropic ways must not cease, and, in short, we agree with you in the main with regard to all you said about expense.

With regard to the increase of prestige, we do not seem to care much about it. We think, however, that you may be right in what you said.

With regard to safety for the State depending on the concentration of its powers and its forces, we thoroughly agree with you.

Here you must forgive me for a little interruption in the way of illustration that has occurred to me. You know the Highland saying, "Cut your talk with a little drink." So I say, even in the most serious discussion, the talk may be allowed to be cut with something that is either jocular or fanciful.

Is there any insect that has a particular enmity to the spider? I daresay there is; and, if we had your entomologist here, he would probably tell us all about this insect. I will call him the fly-friend. It is rather a shame, by the way, to compare a great nation to a spider, but still I think you will say the illustration is a good one.

You have observed how spiders' webs are often formed with filaments thrown out to a great distance, the points of attachment being of great importance for the maintenance of the web.

My fly-friend comes and cuts one of these filaments at the furthest point. Before the spider can reach him, he has gone to another spot and cut the filament there; and before the irritated spider can reach his enemy, half the web is flapping helplessly down; for the damage to these distant points is as fatal as if the spider and the fly-friend had come to close quarters.

You may rely upon it that a great nation, with many distant dependencies, is as liable to mischief in this way as any spider's web.

Milverton. The illustration is admirable; but I think it all comes to be included in the saying of Napoleon, "That the art of war is the art of being strongest at a given time, at a given place." Now I just wish to ask you this ugly question, How are we to be strongest at a given time in Canada?

How few, even of our greatest statesmen, have given any indication that they are meditating deeply upon our colonial policy!

Johnson's story about his Spoolans had a great deal of meaning in it. There is next to no looking forward to prepare for great political emergencies.

Sir Arthur. I must resume.

With regard to what you said about the physical well-being of a state, we are agreed with you.

With regard to what you said about the advancement of Christianity, we are all of the same mind with you, except Mauleverer, who said that he had observed that the advancement of Christianity generally meant an increase in the number of clergymen and priests. He was not for that. Then he told us that the most malignant human being he had ever known was a parson. We did not see that this had much to do with the present subject, and we outvoted him.

Milverton. I scarcely know how to construe what I hear. You appear to have nothing to say against me; and yet you tell me I have only made one convert.

Sir Arthur. Lady Ellesmere is on the point of conversion.

Ellesmere. I think nothing of that. I do not mean to depreciate women: I am in a thoroughly serious mood to-day; but I knew beforehand that they would be sure to be with you. Your proposition has in it everything to please them. They like anything that looks great and magnanimous; and you are not to expect them to go into all the statesmanship of the matter.

Sir Arthur. I am afraid it is now my painful duty, as a schoolmaster would say when he is going to give a boy a whipping, to set before you, Milverton, the great objections that have occurred to us, and which prevent us from being converts, or at least keep us undecided.

Is not this matter for a congress? Should there not be something like give and take, in such affairs? Is our Ravala-Mamee to be given up for nothing? Would not more of what you would wish to be accomplished, be accomplished by making the question European instead of British?

These are grave questions, my friend.

Milverton. They are. I wish you had allowed me to be present while you were discussing this part of the subject. I shall merely reply by asking you in turn some grave questions.

Would there have been such a thing as free-trade in our time if we had waited until other nations had been convinced of the wise policy of freedom in trade?

Would slavery have been abolished by us if we had waited till other slave-holding nations had come to an agreement with us upon this point?

And, to take a recent instance, should we ever have ceded the Ionian Islands if we had made that cession a matter of European talk, and haggled about it with other nations?

Sir Arthur. I proceed to tell you further what we thought; and I am now really afraid that I shall have to say something very unpleasant, and which you will have great difficulty in getting over.

If any cession of the kind you imagine is to be made, it will have to be discussed in Parliament. You know how injudiciously they often talk there about foreign affairs, and how little power the Ministers have either in preventing or directing dangerous discussions of this kind. Now, the transaction which you mean to be a great and generous thing, winning you the love and amity of the nation to whom you make this cession, will be so beslimed with disagreeable and injurious talk, that you are as likely to be hated as to be loved for what you do.

Milverton. This is a hard blow, I admit; but it is not a fatal one. Such a transaction as I contemplate will never take place without a great burst of generous enthusiasm, and there will be a great many noble as well as ignoble things said about it.

But take the worst: say that we do not win the amity of the nation to whom we cede any possession. Will this affect the surrounding nations? Will it make the act really less noble? Will it be the less an initiation of a great policy? And remember this, that some of the advantages I have held out, affect our own individual interests—such as diminution of expense, and concentration of forces.

Sir Arthur. I proceed. I am not to enter into discussion, but simply to tell you what we all thought and felt.

We felt, then, that we were not competent to decide upon such a question without having evidence of a military kind before us.

Of course you are not able to give us that; and we should not quite trust you if you were able to give it. We admit that there would probably be great prejudice from a military point of view against your proposal; but, whether that view is prejudiced or not, we must hear it before pledging ourselves, even in friendly talk, upon such a grave matter.

Milverton. I have nothing to say in reply on this head, or rather I have a great deal to say; but it must be said after your military views have been expressed, and when I should be able to call in counter-evidence. I could say a great deal from history, bearing upon this point.

Ellesmere. Yes, yes; of course you could. You are better up in such subjects than we are; and you would only give us the instances which are in your favour. I do not mean that you would be intentionally unfair; but, in the course of your reading, the historical examples which are favourable to your own views would naturally have attracted your attention, and have retained the foremost place in your memory.

Sir Arthur. I will not allow discussion just yet. I must complete my statement.

We are afraid, *Milverton*, of being led away, or rather misled, by the consideration of some one of your projects—such as the giving up of a particular fortress. We see that it would be a great change in our imperial policy, especially as regards the colonies, if we were to consent to come over to your idea, and vote as you propose. We must look upon the thing as a whole. The power, influence, and reputation of a great nation are very delicate things. We are afraid, lest in touching some bit, we should derange the whole. In fact, to use an official word, we are not “prepared” to give our assent, however much or little it may be worth, to your proposition. We admit that it is worthy of the most serious, the most anxious consideration. From this time forward we shall, no doubt, keep it in our minds, and find many things to bear upon it which may be either for you, or against you. In fine, to talk after a parliamentary fashion, we shall not go into the lobby with you, nor will our names be found in the division list amidst your opponents; but we shall walk out before the end of the debate.

Ellesmere. A mode of action which, in general, I detest; but, in this particular case, I must hear a great deal more on both sides before I can come to any conclusion upon so grave a matter.

Milverton. I do not wish to say anything

disrespectful, and I am very deeply obliged to you for the earnest attention you have given to this important subject; but I must remark that some of the arguments, or rather some of the feelings—for it seemed to me rather sentiment than argument that *Sir Arthur* has just adduced—are such as have been brought forward to stop the way of every great reform. “Touch this, and what will become of that?” “Suppress here, and you will cause detriment there.” You must admit it is hard to meet these vague accusations.

Sir Arthur advised that we should sometimes cut our talk by something that was either jocose or fanciful; and, whilst he was speaking, I couldn’t help thinking of a proverb in vogue amongst the *Sheviri*:—

“The frog leapt from the bank into the water; and, making a little splash, said that he was so much afraid lest his friend, the *pescara*,¹ who ate up pike for him in the deep waters of the lake, should be troubled by it.”

Ellesmere. Now that won’t do, *Milverton*: it is very well meant and very sarcastic, but it won’t do; for you began by telling us that the leap of your frog was a most important plunge—the initiation of a new policy.

Milverton. Then I will give you another proverb which shall be more applicable. No: it shall not be a proverb, but a fable, which was a favourite with the *Sheviri*.

In the great wood where the *Ramassa* curves round the *Bidolo-Vamah* (I know that *Ellesmere* always makes fun of this bit of description) there dwelt two lions, occupying respectively the north-east and south-west corners of the wood.

This was in the time when lions and men were very friendly, and often had good talk together.

Both of these lions had scratched out with their powerful fore-claws deep pitfalls near and afar from their respective caves.

These pitfalls troubled the poor men very much when they came to gather beech-mast in the woods. So they said to the lions,

¹ Mr. *Milverton* afterwards told me a droll proverb, or rather proverbial story, about the *pescara* and the frog. They are always supposed to be great friends. The story is this: “The pike had hold of the frog’s leg; the *pescara* came up and swallowed both of them. As the frog was being swallowed he protested against this breach of friendship. Upon which the *pescara* said, ‘It is a pity, but how is it I find you in such bad company?’” The story used politically to intimate that a small State cannot get into relation with a larger State, even that of hostility, without partaking of its troubles.

whom they met walking out together one fine day in the woods, "These holes that you make everywhere are a great trouble to us; and we have lost some of our people in them. Please fill them up, that friendship may abide between us."

And the lions said that they would consider about it; and, after the men had gone, they reasoned together, but could not agree.

The lion of the south-west, calling all his friends of the forest together, did fill up these pitfalls: the other lion remained sullen and obdurate.

Now there came a great drought in the land; and the lions, drinking filthy water, fell sick, and the little lions were at death's door.

Then the men sent their chief medicine-man to the good lion, who restored him and his young lions to their full strength; but the other lion lost his lioness and his young cubs, and became more gloomy and ferocious than ever.

Ellesmere. But there was a time when war did break out between men and lions, and what happened then?

Milverton. That is exactly what I was going to tell you.

War did break out between men and the lions; and the suspicious lion, flying from a band of armed men who were too strong for him, fell into one of his own pitfalls far away from his cave, the existence of which he had forgotten; and he died miserably of starvation. But the good and wise lion mocked at the pursuit of armed men, and roamed freely, or if he fled, fled fast and unharmed, over his part of the forest, for he had not to beware of pitfalls; and he and his descendants occupied his corner of the wood securely, down to the days of the great King Realmah—commonly called Realmah-Lelaipah-Mu,—Realmah, the youth who could foresee things.

Ellesmere. I must admit that the fable is a very significant one, and keeps close to the matter it is meant to illustrate; but these kind of illustrations never convince me.

Milverton. Before I conclude, there is one point upon which I wish especially not to be misunderstood; and I trust that you will not misunderstand me.

I trust that you will not think that I wish Great Britain to act like a cruel stepmother—the stepmother that we meet with in fiction; for I have often observed that in real life stepmothers are very kind—and to get rid of her colonies in the most summary and careless manner.

All I wish is, that these great colonial questions should be carefully considered by our statesmen. There may be a great State, or what will soon be a great State, which, in

case of the outbreak of any European war, will be molested solely in consequence of its being attached to us as a colony, by ties however slight. Now, for the interest of such a State (if such a State there be), still more than for our own interest, I wish to disengage it from us, and so to free it from any mischief that might come upon it from its connexion with ourselves.

I have come to no fixed conclusions upon the difficult points connected with this matter. I only wish, both for the sake of our colonies and ourselves, that this great subject should have due and instant consideration.

I do not pretend that I have not some distinct views and principles in my own mind upon this subject; but I do not desire to impress them, at the present moment, upon you. All I ask for, is consideration.

Sir Arthur. I must say, Milverton, that you are very good and reasonable upon this great subject. I should have much less faith in you, and much less interest in your treatment of the subject, if you were to endeavour, at this early period of the discussion, to enforce upon us any cut and dried opinions upon it.

Ellesmere. Oh, he is as cunning a dog as ever lived, as regards the artful way in which he gradually gets his opinions to sink into your mind! He began with me, as a little boy in a pepper-and-salt jacket and trousers, to convince me about the Corn-laws, and Free-trade, and other great questions about which he had made up his boyish mind most conclusively. To be sure he turned out to be right; but that is no matter. That was a mere accident. I warn you that when he is most fair-spoken, he is most dangerous.

Milverton. I cannot talk any more to-day. I am very tired.

Having so said, Mr. Milverton rose to go away. Before doing so, however, he put his arm in a brotherly fashion round Lady Ellesmere, and gave her a kiss, saying, "I am so glad, my dear Mildred, that you are on my side, for I know you are; and you must bring him round. It is an important admission, by the way, that he makes—namely, that all the women would be on my side of the question."

Ellesmere. Oh dear me, how wonderfully affectionate we are to those people who agree with us! It is not often that my poor wife, "a poor thing, sir, but mine own," is honoured in this way. And I am not sure that I should like it to occur very often.

Please don't go yet. After a painful and elaborate discussion one ought to have something to amuse one. Do you remember that just before Milverton announced his five propositions, I said I could tell you something about a sermon that was divided into five heads? And Milverton would not let me interrupt.

Sir Arthur. Yes.

Ellesmere. Well, I was a boy of thirteen, at church with my father; and opposite to us, in the gallery, was a lad of about the same age as I was, in a pew with his family.

The sermon was of the order called drowsy, and we were well into the third head of the discourse, and I was trying to get a glance at the MS. in order to see whether we had got through more than half the number of pages, which I am sorry to say was a favourite device of mine, when my attention was arrested by a noise in the pew opposite. Up started the lad I have told you of (we will call him Tom Brown, remembering Tom Hughes's story): in the most decisive manner he brushed by his family, banged the pew door, and marched away, making a considerable disturbance.

Immediately after church, my father, one of the most amiable of men (Lady Ellesmere is thinking how very different from his son), said to me, "Johnny, we must go and call at the Browns' directly. Tommy is either very ill, or there is something extraordinary the matter with the boy." Accordingly we went to pay a visit to the Browns', and there we found what really had happened. My little friend Tom Brown had been chaffering the whole week with a gipsy boy from the neighbouring common, about the purchase of a donkey. Late on Saturday evening the negotiation stood thus:—Tommy had offered 1*l.* 15*s.* The gipsy boy stood out for 1*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

During the first and the second head of the sermon, the wicked Tommy had been thinking over all the good points of the donkey; and in the course of the third head had come to the conclusion that he would give 1*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* And, being a boy of a most decisive turn of mind, he resolved at once to complete the bargain.

That boy was the only person I ever saw go boldly out of church, banging the pew door, and stamping out as if he thought the whole congregation, if they knew what was in his mind, would entirely approve of what he was doing. You know if one has ever so good a reason for going out of church,

one generally sneaks out as if one were doing the most wicked thing possible.

Now the recollection of that transaction has stood me in good stead ever since. When I have been arguing before the House of Lords, or the Privy Council, and have noticed that the attention of one of the Lords is wandering a little, I say to myself, he is thinking whether he will give 1*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* for the donkey, so I must quit this branch of the subject, and rouse him up with a fresh argument.

How invaluable this story would be to Members of Parliament! When a man, in a long and tiresome speech that he is labouring through, sees that the attention of the House is wandering, he should immediately realize the fact that it is thinking whether it will give its 1*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* for the donkey, and he should at once conclude by firing off his peroration, long ago prepared. It is the most foolish thing in the world to go on, even with good argumentation, when you see that your audience is tired. I should like it to be told of me that my auditors had always said, "I wish Ellesmere would have given us a longer speech; but he is always so succinct and curt." What an example the late Sir William Follett was to all of us. There *was* a man. People did not presume to cough while he was speaking. It was really one of the highest intellectual pleasures to hear that man deal with a difficult case, or a great subject. And how appreciative even the most uncultivated intellects are of such closeness of reasoning! I knew a common soldier who always went to hear the late Archbishop of Dublin preach, because, to use an expression which delighted me, "it was so well argued and put." By the way, what a good essay that is of that man of many initials, A.K.H.B., on the "Art of Putting Things."

Now you will all remember this story of mine about the 1*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* for the donkey. You are very good, Sir Arthur, in respect of speech-making, for you never make a speech in Parliament but it is a great speech, and I honour you for that. You are very seldom tiresome.

Sir Arthur (putting his hand to his heart). It is indeed a compliment to be praised by Sir John Ellesmere, whose praise, from its exceeding rarity, is certainly most valuable. I hope I may always deserve it.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

To be continued.

"ON A PIECE OF CHALK."

A LECTURE TO WORKING MEN.¹

BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY, F.R.S., ETC. ETC.

If a well were to be sunk at our feet in the midst of the city of Norwich, the diggers would very soon find themselves at work in that white substance, almost too soft to be called rock, with which we are all familiar as "chalk."

Not only here, but over the whole county of Norfolk, the well-sinker might carry his shaft down many hundred feet without coming to the end of the chalk; and, on the sea-coast, where the waves have pared away the face of the land which breasts them, the scarped faces of the high cliffs are often wholly formed of the same material. Northward, the chalk may be followed as far as Yorkshire; on the south coast it appears abruptly in the picturesque western bays of Dorset, and breaks into the Needles of the Isle of Wight; while on the shores of Kent it supplies that long line of white cliffs to which England owes her name of Albion.

Were the thin soil which covers it all washed away, a curved band of white chalk, here broader and there narrower, might be followed diagonally across England from Lulworth in Dorset to Flamborough Head in Yorkshire—a distance of over 280 miles as the crow flies.

From this band to the North Sea on the east and the Channel on the south, the chalk is largely hidden by other deposits; but, except in the Weald of Kent and Sussex, it enters into the very foundation of all the south-eastern counties.

Attaining, as it does in some places, a thickness of more than a thousand feet, the English chalk must be admitted to be a mass of considerable magnitude. Nevertheless, it covers but an insignificant portion of the whole area occupied by the chalk formation of the

globe, which has precisely the same general characters as ours, and is found in detached patches, some less, and others more extensive, than the English.

Chalk occurs in north-west Ireland; it stretches over a large part of France,—the chalk which underlies Paris being, in fact, a continuation of that of the London basin; runs through Denmark and Central Europe, and extends southward to North Africa; while eastward it appears in the Crimea and in Syria, and may be traced as far as the shores of the Sea of Aral in Central Asia.

If all the points at which true chalk occurs were circumscribed, they would lie within an irregular oval about 3,000 miles in long diameter—the area of which would be as great as that of Europe, and would many times exceed that of the largest existing inland sea—the Mediterranean.

Thus the chalk is no unimportant element in the masonry of the earth's crust, and it impresses a peculiar stamp, varying with the conditions to which it is exposed, on the scenery of the districts in which it occurs. The undulating downs and rounded coombs, covered with sweet-grassed turf, of our inland chalk country, have a peacefully domestic and mutton-suggesting prettiness, but can hardly be called either grand or beautiful. But, on our southern coasts, the wall-sided cliffs, many hundred feet high, with vast needles and pinnacles standing out in the sea, sharp and solitary enough to serve as perches for the wary cormorant, confer a wonderful beauty and grandeur upon the chalk headlands. And, in the East, chalk has its share in the formation of some of the most venerable of mountain ranges, such as the Lebanon.

¹ Delivered during the Meeting of the British Association at Norwich.

What is this wide-spread component

of the surface of the earth? and whence did it come?

You may think this no very hopeful inquiry. You may not unnaturally suppose that the attempt to solve such problems as these can lead to no result, save that of entangling the inquirer in vague speculations, incapable alike of refutation and of verification.

If such were really the case, I should have selected some other subject than "a piece of chalk" for my discourse. But, in truth, after much deliberation, I have been unable to think of any topic which would so well enable me to lead you to see how solid is the foundation upon which some of the most startling conclusions of physical science rest.

A great chapter of the history of the world is written in the chalk. Few passages in the history of man can be supported by such an overwhelming mass of direct and indirect evidence as that which testifies to the truth of the fragment of the history of the globe, which I hope to enable you to read with your own eyes to-night.

Let me add, that few chapters of human history have a more profound significance for ourselves. I weigh my words well when I assert, that the man who should know the true history of the bit of chalk which every carpenter carries about in his breeches-pocket, though ignorant of all other history, is likely, if he will think his knowledge out to its ultimate results, to have a truer, and therefore a better, conception of this wonderful universe, and of man's relation to it, than the most learned student who is deep-read in the records of humanity and ignorant of those of nature.

The language of the chalk is not hard to learn, not nearly so hard as Latin, if you only want to get at the broad features of the story it has to tell; and I propose that we now set to work to spell that story out together.

We all know that if we "burn" chalk the result is quicklime. Chalk, in fact, is a compound of carbonic acid gas and lime, and when you make it

very hot the carbonic acid flies away and the lime is left.

By this method of procedure we see the lime, but we do not see the carbonic acid. If, on the other hand, you were to powder a little chalk, and drop it into a good deal of strong vinegar, there would be a great bubbling and fizzing, and finally a clear liquid in which no sign of chalk would appear. Here you see the carbonic acid in the bubbles; the lime, dissolved in the vinegar, vanishes from sight. There are a great many other ways of showing that chalk is essentially nothing but carbonic acid and quicklime. Chemists enunciate the result of all the experiments which prove this, by stating that chalk is almost wholly composed of "carbonate of lime."

It is desirable for us to start from the knowledge of this fact, though it may not seem to help us very far towards what we seek. For carbonate of lime is a widely-spread substance, and is met with under very various conditions. All sorts of limestones are composed of more or less pure carbonate of lime. The crust which is often deposited by waters which have drained through limestone rocks, in the form of what are called stalagmites and stalactites, is carbonate of lime. Or, to take a more familiar example, the fur on the inside of a tea-kettle is carbonate of lime; and, for anything chemistry tells us to the contrary, the chalk might be a kind of gigantic fur upon the bottom of the earth-kettle, which is kept pretty hot below.

Let us try another method of making the chalk tell us its own history. To the unassisted eye chalk looks simply like a very loose and open kind of stone. But it is possible to grind a slice of chalk down so thin that you can see through it—until it is thin enough, in fact, to be examined with any magnifying power that may be thought desirable. A thin slice of the fur of a kettle might be made in the same way. If it were examined microscopically, it would show itself to be a more or less distinctly laminated mineral substance, and nothing more.

But the slice of chalk presents a totally different appearance when placed under the microscope. The general mass of it is made up of very minute granules; but imbedded in this matrix are innumerable bodies, some smaller and some larger, but, on a rough average not more than a hundredth of an inch in diameter, having a well-defined shape and structure. A cubic inch of some specimens of chalk may contain hundreds of thousands of these bodies, compacted together with incalculable millions of the granules.

The examination of a transparent slice gives a good notion of the manner in which the components of the chalk are arranged, and of their relative proportions. But, by rubbing up some chalk with a brush in water and then pouring off the milky fluid, so as to obtain sediments of different degrees of fineness, the granules and the minute rounded bodies may be pretty well separated from one another, and submitted to microscopic examination, either as opaque or as transparent objects. By combining the views obtained in these various methods, each of the rounded bodies may be proved to be a beautifully-constructed calcareous fabric, made up of a number of chambers, communicating freely with one another. The chambered bodies are of various forms. One of the commonest is something like a badly-grown raspberry, being formed of a number of nearly globular chambers of different sizes congregated together. It is called *Globigerina*, and some specimens of chalk consist of little else than *Globigerinae* and granules.

Let us fix our attention upon the *Globigerina*. It is the spoor of the game we are tracking. If we can learn what it is and what are the conditions of its existence, we shall see our way to the origin and past history of the chalk.

A suggestion which may naturally enough present itself is, that these curious bodies are the result of some process of aggregation which has taken place in the carbonate of lime; that, just as in winter, the rime on our windows simulates the most delicate and

elegantly arborescent foliage—proving that the mere mineral, water, may, under certain conditions, assume the outward form of organic bodies—so this mineral substance, carbonate of lime, hidden away in the bowels of the earth, has taken the shape of these chambered bodies. I am not raising a merely fanciful and unreal objection. Very learned men, in former days, have even entertained the notion that all the formed things found in rocks are of this nature; and if no such conception is at present held to be admissible, it is because long and varied experience has now shown that mineral matter never does assume the form and structure we find in fossils. If any one were to try to persuade you that an oyster-shell (which is also chiefly composed of carbonate of lime) had crystallized out of sea-water, I suppose you would laugh at the absurdity. Your laughter would be justified by the fact that all experience tends to show that oyster-shells are formed by the agency of oysters, and in no other way. And if there were no better reasons, we should be justified, on like grounds, in believing that *Globigerina* is not the product of anything but vital activity.

Happily, however, better evidence in proof of the organic nature of the *Globigerinae* than that of analogy is forthcoming. It so happens that calcareous skeletons, exactly similar to the *Globigerinae* of the chalk, are being formed, at the present moment, by minute living creatures, which flourish in multitudes, literally more numerous than the sands of the sea-shore, over a large extent of that part of the earth's surface which is covered by the ocean.

The history of the discovery of these living *Globigerinae*, and of the part which they play in rock-building, is singular enough. It is a discovery which, like others of no less scientific importance, has arisen, incidentally, out of work devoted to very different and exceedingly practical interests.

When men first took to the sea they speedily learned to look out for shoals and rocks, and the more the burthen of

their ships increased, the more imperatively necessary it became for sailors to ascertain with precision the depth of the waters they traversed. Out of this necessity grew the use of the lead and sounding-line; and, ultimately, marine-surveying, which is the recording of the form of coasts and of the depth of the sea, as ascertained by the sounding-lead, upon charts.

At the same time, it became desirable to ascertain and to indicate the nature of the sea-bottom, since this circumstance greatly affects its goodness as holding ground for anchors. Some ingenious tar, whose name deserves a better fate than the oblivion into which it has fallen, attained this object by "arming" the bottom of the lead with a lump of grease, to which more or less of the sand or mud, or broken shells, as the case might be, adhered, and was brought to the surface. But, however well adapted such an apparatus might be for rough nautical purposes, scientific accuracy could not be expected from the armed lead, and to remedy its defects (especially when applied to sounding in great depths) Lieut. Brooke, of the American Navy, some years ago invented a most ingenious machine, by which a considerable portion of the superficial layer of the sea-bottom can be scooped out and brought up, from any depth to which the lead descends.

In 1853, Lieut. Brooke obtained mud from the bottom of the North Atlantic, between Newfoundland and the Azores, at a depth of more than 10,000 feet, or two miles, by the help of this sounding apparatus. The specimens were sent for examination to Ehrenberg of Berlin, and to Bailey of West Point, and those able microscopists found that this deep-sea mud was almost entirely composed of the skeletons of living organisms—the greater proportion of these being just like the *Globigerinæ* already known to occur in the chalk.

Thus far, the work had been carried on simply in the interests of science, but Lieut. Brooke's method of sounding acquired a high commercial value when

the enterprise of laying down the telegraph-cable between this country and the United States was undertaken. For it became a matter of immense importance to know, not only the depth of the sea over the whole line along which the cable was to be laid, but the exact nature of the bottom, so as to guard against chances of cutting or fraying the strands of that costly rope. The Admiralty consequently ordered Captain Dayman, an old friend and shipmate of mine, to ascertain the depth over the whole line of the cable, and to bring back specimens of the bottom. In former days, such a command as this might have sounded very much like one of the impossible things which the young prince in the Fairy Tales is ordered to do before he can obtain the hand of the princess. However, in the months of June and July 1857, my friend performed the task assigned to him with great expedition and precision, without, so far as I know, having met with any reward of that kind. The specimens of Atlantic mud which he procured were sent to me to be examined and reported upon.¹

The result of all these operations is that we know the contours and nature of the surface-soil covered by the North Atlantic for a distance of 1,700 miles from east to west, as well as we know that of any part of the dry land.

It is a prodigious plain—one of the widest and most even plains in the world. If the sea were drained off, you might drive a wagon all the way from Valentia, on the west coast of Ireland, to Trinity Bay, in Newfoundland. And, except upon one sharp incline about 200 miles from Valentia, I am not quite sure that it would even be necessary to put the skid on, so gentle are the ascents and descents.

¹ See Appendix to Captain Dayman's "Deep Sea Soundings in the North Atlantic Ocean, between Ireland and Newfoundland, made in H.M.S. *Cyclops*. Published by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. 1858." They have since formed the subject of an elaborate Memoir by Messrs. Parker and Jones, published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1865.

upon that long route. From Valentia the road would lie down hill for about 200 miles to the point at which the bottom is now covered by 1,700 fathoms of sea-water. Then would come the central plain, more than a thousand miles wide, the inequalities of the surface of which would be hardly perceptible, though the depth of water upon it now varies from 10,000 to 15,000 feet; and there are places in which Mont Blanc might be sunk without showing its peak above water. Beyond this, the ascent on the American side commences, and gradually leads, for about 300 miles, to the Newfoundland shore.

Almost the whole of the bottom of this central plain (which extends for many hundred miles in a north and south direction) is covered by a fine mud, which, when brought to the surface, dries into a greyish-white friable substance. You can write with this on a blackboard, if you are so inclined, and to the eye it is quite like very soft, greyish, chalk. Examined chemically, it proves to be composed almost wholly of carbonate of lime; and if you make a section of it in the same way as that of the piece of chalk was made, and view it with the microscope, it presents innumerable *Globigerinae*, embedded in a granular matrix.

Thus this deep-sea mud is substantially chalk. I say substantially, because there are a good many minor differences: but as these have no bearing upon the question immediately before us,—which is the nature of the *Globigerinae* of the chalk—it is unnecessary to speak of them.

Globigerinae of every size, from the smallest to the largest, are associated together in the Atlantic mud, and the chambers of many are filled by a soft animal matter. This soft substance is, in fact, the remains of the creature to which the *Globigerina* shell, or rather skeleton, owes its existence—and which is an animal of the simplest imaginable description. It is, in fact, a mere particle of living jelly, without defined parts of any kind—without a mouth, nerves, muscles, or distinct organs, and

only manifesting its vitality to ordinary observation by thrusting out and retracting, from all parts of its surface, long filamentous processes, which serve for arms and legs. Yet this amorphous particle, devoid of everything which in the higher animals we call organs, is capable of feeding, growing, and multiplying; of separating from the ocean the small proportion of carbonate of lime which is dissolved in sea-water; and of building up that substance into a skeleton for itself, according to a pattern which can be imitated by no other known agency.

The notion that animals can live and flourish in the sea at the vast depths from which apparently living *Globigerinae* have been brought up, does not agree very well with our usual conceptions respecting the conditions of animal life; and it is not so absolutely impossible as it might at first sight appear to be, that the *Globigerinae* of the Atlantic sea-bottom do not live and die where they are found.

As I have mentioned, the soundings from the great Atlantic plain are almost entirely made up of *Globigerinae*, with the granules which have been mentioned and some few other calcareous shells; but a small percentage of the chalky mud—perhaps at most some five per cent. of it—is of a different nature, and consists of shells and skeletons composed of siliceous, or pure flint. These silicious bodies belong partly to those lowly vegetable organisms which are called *Diatomaceae*, and partly to those minute and extremely simple animals termed *Radiolariae*. It is quite certain that these creatures do not live at the bottom of the ocean, but at its surface—where they may be obtained in prodigious numbers by the use of a properly constructed net. Hence it follows that these silicious organisms, though they are not heavier than the lightest dust, must have fallen in some cases through fifteen thousand feet of water, before they reached their final resting-place on the ocean floor. And, considering how large a surface these bodies expose in proportion to their weight, it is probable that they

occupy a great length of time in making their burial journey from the surface of the Atlantic to the bottom.

But if the *Radiolaria* and Diatoms are thus rained upon the bottom of the sea from the superficial layer of its waters in which they pass their lives, it is obviously possible that the *Globigerinae* may be similarly derived; and if they were so, it would be much more easy to understand how they obtain their supply of food than it is at present. Nevertheless, the positive and negative evidence all points the other way. The skeletons of the full-grown, deep-sea *Globigerinae* are so remarkably solid and heavy in proportion to their surface as to seem little fitted for floating, and, as a matter of fact, they are not to be found along with the Diatoms and *Radiolaria* in the uppermost stratum of the open ocean.

It has been observed, again, that the abundance of *Globigerinae*, in proportion to other organisms of like kind, increases with the depth of the sea; and that deep-water *Globigerinae* are larger than those which live in shallower parts of the sea; and such facts negative the supposition that these organisms have been swept by currents from the shallows into the deeps of the Atlantic.

It therefore seems to be hardly doubtful that these wonderful creatures live and die at the depths in which they are found.¹

However, the important points for us are that the living *Globigerinae* are exclusively marine animals, the skele-

tons of which abound at the bottom of deep seas; and that there is not a shadow of reason for believing that the habits of the *Globigerinae* of the chalk differed from those of the existing species. But if this be true, there is no escaping the conclusion that the chalk itself is the dried mud of an ancient deep sea.

In working over the soundings collected by Captain Dayman, I was surprised to find that many of what I have called the "granules" of that mud, were not, as one might have been tempted to think at first, the mere powder and waste of *Globigerinae*, but that they had a definite form and size. I termed these bodies "coccoliths," and doubted their organic nature. Dr. Wallich verified my observation, and added the interesting discovery that, not unfrequently bodies similar to these "coccoliths" were aggregated together into spheroids, which he termed "coccospheres." So far as we knew, these bodies, the nature of which is extremely puzzling and problematical, were peculiar to the Atlantic soundings.

But, a few years ago, Mr. Sorby, in making a careful examination of the chalk by means of thin sections and otherwise, observed, as Ehrenberg had done before him, that much of its granular basis possesses a definite form. Comparing these formed particles with those in the Atlantic soundings, he found the two to be identical; and thus proved that the chalk, like the soundings, contains these mysterious coccoliths and coccospheres. Here was a further and a most interesting confirmation, from internal evidence, of the essential identity of the chalk with modern deep-sea mud. *Globigerinae*, coccoliths, and coccospheres are found as the chief constituents of both, and testify to the general similarity of the conditions under which both have been formed.¹

¹ I have recently traced out the development of the "coccoliths" from a diameter of $\frac{1}{1000}$ th of an inch up to their largest size (which is about $\frac{1}{100}$ th), and no longer doubt that they are produced by independent organisms, which, like the *Globigerinae*, live and die at the bottom of the sea.

¹ During the cruise of H.M.S. *Bull-dog* commanded by Sir Leopold McClintock, in 1860, living star-fish were brought up, clinging to the lowest part of the sounding line, from a depth of 1,260 fathoms, midway between Cape Farewell, in Greenland, and the Rockall banks. Dr. Wallich ascertained that the sea bottom at this point consisted of the ordinary *Globigerina* ooze, and that the stomachs of the star-fishes were full of *Globigerinae*. This discovery removes all objections to the existence of living *Globigerinae* at great depths, which are based upon the supposed difficulty of maintaining animal life under such conditions; and it throws the burden of proof upon those who object to the supposition that the *Globigerinae* live and die when they are found.

The evidence furnished by the hewing, facing, and superposition of the stones of the Pyramids that these structures were built by men, has no greater weight than the evidence that the chalk was built by *Globigerinæ*; and the belief that those ancient pyramid-builders were terrestrial and air-breathing creatures like ourselves, is not better based than the conviction that the chalk-makers lived in the sea.

But as our belief in the building of the Pyramids by men is not only grounded on the internal evidence afforded by these structures, but gathers strength from multitudinous collateral proofs, and is clinched by the total absence of any reason for a contrary belief; so the evidence drawn from the *Globigerinæ* that the chalk is an ancient sea-bottom, is fortified by innumerable independent lines of evidence; and our belief in the truth of the conclusion to which all positive testimony tends, receives the like negative justification from the fact that no other hypothesis has a shadow of foundation.

It may be worth while briefly to consider a few of these collateral proofs that the chalk was deposited at the bottom of the sea.

The great mass of the chalk is composed, as we have seen, of the skeletons of *Globigerinæ*, and other simple organisms, imbedded in granular matter. Here and there, however, this hardened mud of the ancient sea reveals the remains of higher animals which have lived and died and left their hard parts in the mud, just as the oysters die and leave their shells behind them in the mud of the present seas.

There are certain groups of animals at the present day which are never found in fresh waters, being unable to live anywhere but in the sea. Such are the corals; those corallines which are called *Polyzoa*; those creatures which fabricate the lamp-shells, and are called *Brachiopoda*; the pearly *Nautilus*, and all animals allied to it; and all the forms of sea-urchins and star-fishes.

Not only are all these creatures con-

finied to salt water at the present day; but, so far as our records of the past go, the conditions of their existence have been the same: hence their occurrence in any deposit is as strong evidence as can be obtained that that deposit was formed in the sea. Now the remains of animals of all the kinds which have been enumerated, occur in the chalk, in greater or less abundance; while not one of those forms of shell-fish which are characteristic of fresh water has yet been observed in it.

When we consider that the remains of more than three thousand distinct species of aquatic animals have been discovered among the fossils of the chalk, that the great majority of them are of such forms as are now met with only in the sea, and that there is no reason to believe that any one of them inhabited fresh water—the collateral evidence that the chalk represents an ancient sea-bottom acquires as great force as the proof derived from the nature of the chalk itself. I think you will now allow that I did not overstate my case when I asserted that we have as strong grounds for believing that all the vast area of dry land, at present occupied by the chalk, was once at the bottom of the sea, as we have for any matter of history whatever; while there is no justification for any other belief.

No less certain is it that the time during which the countries we now call south-east England, France, Germany, Poland, Russia, Egypt, Arabia, Syria, were more or less completely covered by a deep sea, was of considerable duration.

We have already seen that the chalk is, in places, more than a thousand feet thick. I think you will agree with me, that it must have taken some time for the skeletons of animalculæ of a hundredth of an inch in diameter to heap up such a mass as that. I have said that throughout the thickness of the chalk the remains of other animals are scattered. These remains are often in the most exquisite state of preservation. The valves of the shell-fishes are com-

monly adherent; the long spines of some of the sea-urchins, which would be detached by the smallest jar, often remain in their places. In a word, it is certain that these animals have lived and died when the place which they now occupy was the surface of as much of the chalk as had then been deposited; and that each has been covered up by the layer of *Globigerina* mud, upon which the creatures imbedded a little higher up have, in like manner, lived and died. But some of these remains prove the existence of reptiles of vast size in the chalk sea. These lived their time, and had their ancestors and descendants, which assuredly implies time, reptiles being of slow growth.

There is more curious evidence, again, that the process of covering up, or, in other words, the deposit of *Globigerina* skeletons, did not go on very fast. It is demonstrable that an animal of the cretaceous sea might die, that its skeleton might lie uncovered upon the sea-bottom long enough to lose all its outward coverings and appendages by putrefaction; and that, after this had happened, another animal might attach itself to the dead and naked skeleton, might grow to maturity, and might itself die before the calcareous mud had buried the whole.

Cases of this kind are admirably described by Sir Charles Lyell. He speaks of the frequency with which geologists find in the chalk a fossilized sea-urchin, to which is attached the lower valve of a *Crania*. This is a kind of shell-fish, with a shell composed of two pieces, of which, as in the oyster, one is fixed and the other free.

"The upper valve is almost invariably wanting, though occasionally found in a perfect state of preservation in the white chalk at some distance. In this case, we see clearly that the sea-urchin first lived from youth to age, then died and lost its spines, which were carried away. Then the young *Crania* adhered to the bared shell, grew and perished in its turn; after which, the upper valve was separated from the lower, before the

"Echinus became enveloped in chalky mud."¹

A specimen in the Museum of Practical Geology, in London, still further prolongs the period which must have elapsed between the death of the sea-urchin, and its burial by the *Globigerina*. For the outward face of the valve of a *Crania*, which is attached to a sea-urchin (*Micraster*), is itself overrun by an incrusting coralline, which spreads thence over more or less of the surface of the sea-urchin. It follows that, after the upper valve of the *Crania* fell off, the surface of the attached valve must have remained exposed long enough to allow of the growth of the whole coralline, since corallines do not live imbedded in mud.

The progress of knowledge may one day enable us to deduce from such facts as these the maximum rate at which the chalk can have accumulated, and thus to arrive at the minimum duration of the chalk period. Suppose that the valve of the *Crania* upon which a coralline has fixed itself in the way just described, is so attached to the sea-urchin that no part of it is more than an inch above the face upon which the sea-urchin rests. Then, as the coralline could not have fixed itself if the *Crania* had been covered up with chalk mud, and could not have lived had itself been so covered, it follows that an inch of chalk mud could not have accumulated within the time between the death and decay of the soft parts of the sea-urchin and the growth of the coralline to the full size which it has attained. If the decay of the soft parts of the sea-urchin, the attachment, growth to maturity, and decay of the *Crania*, and the subsequent attachment and growth of the coralline took a year (which is a low estimate enough), the accumulation of the inch of chalk must have taken more than a year; and the deposit of a thousand feet of chalk must consequently have taken more than twelve thousand years.

The foundation of all this calculation

¹ "Elements of Geology," by Sir Charles Lyell, Bart. F.R.S. p. 23.

is, of course, a knowledge of the length of time the *Crania* and the coralline needed to attain their full size ; and on this head precise knowledge is at present wanting. But there are circumstances which tend to show that nothing like an inch of chalk has accumulated during the life of a *Crania* ; and, on any probable estimate of the length of that life, the chalk period must have had a much longer duration than that thus roughly assigned to it.

Thus, not only is it certain that the chalk is the mud of an ancient sea-bottom, but it is no less certain that the chalk sea existed during an extremely long period, though we may not be prepared to give a precise estimate of the length of that period in years. The relative duration is clear, though the absolute duration may not be definable. The attempt to affix any precise date to the period at which the chalk sea began or ended its existence is baffled by difficulties of the same kind. But the relative age of the cretaceous epoch may be determined with as great ease and certainty as the long duration of that epoch.

You will have heard of the interesting discoveries recently made, in various parts of Western Europe, of flint implements, obviously worked into shape by human hands, under circumstances which show conclusively that man is a very ancient denizen of these regions.

It has been proved that the old populations of Europe, whose existence has been revealed to us in this way, consisted of savages, such as the Esquimaux are now ; that, in the country which is now France, they hunted the reindeer, and were familiar with the ways of the mammoth and the bison. The physical geography of France was in those days different from what it is now—the river Somme, for instance, having cut its bed a hundred feet deeper between that time and this ; and it is probable that the climate was more like that of Canada or Siberia, than that of Western Europe.

The existence of these people is for-

gotten even in the traditions of the oldest historical nations. The name and fame of them had utterly vanished until a few years back ; and the amount of physical change which has been effected since their day renders it more than probable that, venerable as are some of the historical nations, the workers of the chipped flints of Hoxne or of Amiens are to them, as they are to us, in point of antiquity.

But, if we assign to these hoar relics of long vanished generations of men the greatest age that can possibly be claimed for them, they are not older than the drift, or boulder clay, which, in comparison with the chalk, is but a very juvenile deposit. You need go no further than your own sea-board for evidence of this fact. At one of the most charming spots on the coast of Norfolk, Cromer, you will see the boulder clay forming a vast mass, which lies upon the chalk, and must consequently have come into existence after it. Huge boulders of chalk are, in fact, included in the clay, and have evidently been brought to the position they now occupy by the same agency as that which has planted blocks of syenite from Norway side by side with them.

The chalk, then, is certainly older than the boulder clay. If you ask how much, I will again take you no further than the same spot upon your own coasts for evidence. I have spoken of the boulder clay and drift as resting upon the chalk. That is not strictly true. Interposed between the chalk and the drift is a comparatively insignificant layer, containing vegetable matter. But that layer tells a wonderful history. It is full of stumps of trees standing as they grew. Fir-trees are there with their cones, and hazel-bushes with their nuts ; there stand the stools of oak and yew trees, beeches and alders. Hence this stratum is appropriately called the "forest-bed."

It is obvious that the chalk must have been upheaved and converted into dry land before the timber trees could grow upon it. As the bolls of some of these trees are from two to three

feet in diameter, it is no less clear that the dry land thus formed remained in the same condition for long ages. And not only do the remains of stately oaks and well-grown firs testify to the duration of this condition of things, but additional evidence to the same effect is afforded by the abundant remains of elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, and other great wild beasts, which it has yielded to the zealous search of such men as the Rev. Mr. Gunn.

When you look at such a collection as he has formed, and bethink you that these elephantine bones did veritably carry their owners about, and these great grinders crunch in the dark woods of which the forest-bed is now the only trace, it is impossible not to feel that they are as good evidence of the lapse of time as the annual rings of the tree-stumps.

Thus there is a writing upon the wall of cliffs at Cromer, and whoso runs may read it. It tells us, with an authority which cannot be impeached, that the ancient sea-bed of the chalk sea was raised up and remained dry land until it was covered with forest, stocked with the great game whose spoils have rejoiced your geologists. How long it remained in that condition cannot be said; but "the whirligig of time brought its revenges" in those days as in these. That dry land, with the bones and teeth of generations of long-lived elephants hidden away among the gnarled roots and dry leaves of its ancient trees, sank gradually to the bottom of the icy sea, which covered it with huge masses of drift and boulder clay. Sea-beasts, such as the walrus, now restricted to the extreme north, paddled about where birds had twittered among the topmost twigs of the fir-trees. How long this state of things endured we know not, but at length it came to an end. The upheaved glacial mud hardened into the soil of modern Norfolk. Forests grew once more, the wolf and the beaver replaced the reindeer and the elephant; and at length what we call the history of England dawned.

Thus you have, within the limits of

your own county, proof that the chalk can justly claim a very much greater antiquity than even the oldest physical traces of mankind. But we may go further, and demonstrate, by evidence of the same authority as that which testifies to the existence of the father of men, that the chalk is vastly older than Adam himself.

The Book of Genesis informs us that Adam, immediately upon his creation, and before the appearance of Eve, was placed in the Garden of Eden. The problem of the geographical position of Eden has greatly vexed the spirits of the learned in such matters, but there is one point respecting which, so far as I know, no commentator has ever raised a doubt. This is, that of the four rivers which are said to run out of it, Euphrates and Hiddekel are identical with the rivers now known by the names of Euphrates and Tigris.

But the whole country in which these mighty rivers take their origin, and through which they run, is composed of rocks which are either of the same age as the chalk, or of later date. So that the chalk must not only have been formed, but after its formation the time required for the deposit of these later rocks and for their upheaval into dry land must have elapsed, before the smallest brook which feeds the swift stream of "the great river, the river of Babylon," began to flow.

Thus evidence which cannot be rebutted, and which need not be strengthened, though if time permitted I might indefinitely increase its quantity, compels you to believe that the earth, from the time of the chalk to the present day, has been the theatre of a series of changes as vast in their amount as they were slow in their progress. The area on which we stand has been first sea and then land for at least four alternations, and has remained in each of these conditions for a period of great length.

Nor have these wonderful metamorphoses of sea into land, and of land into sea, been confined to one corner of

England. During the chalk period, or "cretaceous epoch," not one of the present great physical features of the globe was in existence. Our great mountain ranges, Pyrenees, Alps, Himalayas, Andes, have all been upheaved since the chalk was deposited, and the cretaceous sea flowed over the sites of Sinai and Ararat.

All this is certain, because rocks of cretaceous or still later date have shared in the elevatory movements which gave rise to these mountain chains, and may be found perched up, in some cases, many thousand feet high upon their flanks. And evidence of equal cogeny demonstrates that, though in Norfolk the forest-bed rests directly upon the chalk, yet it does so, not because the period at which the forest grew immediately followed that at which the chalk was formed, but because an immense lapse of time, represented elsewhere by thousands of feet of rock, is not indicated at Cromer.

I must ask you to believe that there is no less conclusive proof that a still more prolonged succession of similar changes occurred before the chalk was deposited. Nor have we any reason to think that the first term in the series of these changes is known. The oldest sea-beds preserved to us are sands, and mud, and pebbles, the wear and tear of rocks which were formed in still older oceans.

But, great as is the magnitude of these physical changes of the world, they have been accompanied by a no less striking series of modifications in its living inhabitants.

All the great classes of animals, beasts of the field, fowls of the air, creeping things, and things which dwell in the waters, flourished upon the globe long ages before the chalk was deposited. Very few, however, if any, of these ancient forms of animal life were identical with those which now live. Certainly, not one of the higher animals was of the same species as any of those now in existence. The beasts of the field in the days before the chalk were not our beasts of the field, nor the

fowls of the air such as those which the eye of man has seen flying, unless his antiquity dates infinitely further back than we at present surmise. If we could be carried back into those times, we should be as one suddenly set down in Australia before it was colonized. We should see mammals, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, snails, and the like, clearly recognisable as such, and yet not one of them would be just the same as those with which we are familiar, and many would be extremely different.

From that time to the present, the population of the world has undergone slow and gradual but incessant changes. There has been no grand catastrophe—no destroyer has swept away the forms of life of one period, and replaced them by a totally new creation; but one species has vanished and another has taken its place; creatures of one type of structure have diminished, those of another have increased, as time has passed on. And thus, while the differences between the living creatures of the time before the chalk and those of the present day appear startling, if placed side by side, we are led from one to the other by the most gradual progress, if we follow the course of Nature through the whole series of those relics of her operations which she has left behind.

And it is by the population of the chalk sea that the ancient and the modern inhabitants of the world are most completely connected. The groups which are dying out flourish, side by side, with the groups which are now the dominant forms of life.

Thus the chalk contains remains of those strange flying and swimming reptiles, the pterodactyl, the ichthyosaurus, and the plesiosaurus, which are found in no later deposits, but abounded in preceding ages. The chambered shells called ammonites and belemnites, which are so characteristic of the period preceding the cretaceous, in like manner die with it.

But amongst these fading remainders of a previous state of things are some very modern forms of life, looking like

Yankee pedlars among a tribe of Red Indians. Crocodiles of modern type appear; bony fishes, many of them very similar to existing species, almost supplant the forms of fish which predominate in more ancient seas; and many kinds of living shell-fish first became known to us in the chalk. The vegetation acquires a modern aspect. A few living animals are not even distinguishable as species from those which existed at that remote epoch. The *Globigerina* of the present day, for example, is not different specifically from that of the chalk; and the same may be said of many other *Foraminifera*. I think it probable that critical and unprejudiced examination will show that more than one species of much higher animals have had a similar longevity, but the only example which I can at present give confidently is the snake's-head lamp-shell (*Terebratulina caput serpentis*), which lives in our English seas and abounded (as *Terebratulina striata* of authors) in the chalk.

The longest line of human ancestry must hide its diminished head before the pedigree of this insignificant shell-fish. We Englishmen are proud to have an ancestor who was present at the Battle of Hastings. The ancestors of *Terebratulina caput serpentis* may have been present at a battle of *Ichthyosauria* in that part of the sea which, when the chalk was forming, flowed over the site of Hastings. While all around has changed, this *Terebratulina* has peacefully propagated its species from generation to generation, and stands to this day, as a living testimony to the continuity of the present with the past history of the globe.

Up to this moment I have stated, so far as I know, nothing but well-authenticated facts, and the immediate conclusions which they force upon the mind.

But the mind is so constituted that it does not willingly rest in facts and immediate causes, but seeks always after a knowledge of the remoter links in the chain of causation.

Taking the many changes of any given spot of the earth's surface, from sea to land and from land to sea, as an established fact, we cannot refrain from asking ourselves how these changes have occurred. And when we have explained them—as they must be explained—by the alternate slow movements of elevation and depression which have affected the crust of the earth, we go still further back, and ask, Why these movements?

I am not certain that any one can give you a satisfactory answer to that question. Assuredly I cannot. All that can be said for certain is, that such movements are part of the ordinary course of nature, inasmuch as they are going on at the present time. Direct proof may be given that some parts of the land of the northern hemisphere are at this moment insensibly rising and others insensibly sinking; and there is indirect but perfectly satisfactory proof, that an enormous area now covered by the Pacific has been deepened thousands of feet since the present inhabitants of that sea came into existence.

Thus there is not a shadow of a reason for believing that the physical changes of the globe in past times have been effected by other than natural causes.

Is there any more reason for believing that the concomitant modifications in the forms of the living inhabitants of the globe have been brought about in other ways?

Before attempting to answer this question, let us try to form a distinct mental picture of what has happened in some special case.

The crocodiles are animals which, as a group, have a very vast antiquity. They abounded ages before the chalk was deposited; they throng the rivers in warm climates at the present day. There is a difference in the form of the joints of the back-bone, and in some minor particulars, between the crocodile of the present epoch and those which lived before the chalk; but, in the cretaceous epoch, as I have already

mentioned, the crocodiles had assumed the modern type of structure. Notwithstanding this, the crocodiles of the chalk are not identically the same as those which lived in the times called "older tertiary," which succeeded the cretaceous epoch; and the crocodiles of the older tertiaries are not identical with those of the newer tertiaries, nor are these identical with existing forms. (I leave open the question whether particular species may have lived on from epoch to epoch.) Thus each epoch has had its peculiar crocodiles, though all since the chalk have belonged to the modern type, and differ simply in their proportions, and in such structural particulars as are discernible only to trained eyes.

How is the existence of this long succession of different species of crocodiles to be accounted for?

Only two suppositions seem to be open to us—Either each species of crocodile has been specially created, or it has arisen out of some pre-existing form by the operation of natural causes.

Choose your hypothesis; I have chosen mine. I can find no warranty for believing in the distinct creation of a score of successive species of crocodiles in the course of countless ages of time. Science gives no countenance to such a wild fancy; nor can even the perverse ingenuity of a commentator pretend to discover this sense, in the simple words in which the writer of Genesis records the proceedings of the fifth and sixth days of the Creation.

On the other hand, I see no good

reason for doubting the necessary alternative, that all these varied species have been evolved from pre-existing crocodilian forms by the operation of causes as completely a part of the common order of nature as those which have effected the changes of the inorganic world.

Few will venture to affirm that the reasoning which applies to crocodiles loses its force among other animals, or among plants. If one series of species has come into existence by the operation of natural causes, it seems folly to deny that all may have arisen in the same way.

A small beginning has led us to a great ending. If I were to put the bit of chalk with which we started into the hot but obscure flame of burning hydrogen, it would presently shine like the sun. It seems to me that this physical metamorphosis is no false image of what has been the result of our subjecting it to a jet of fervent though nowise brilliant thought to-night. It has become luminous, and its clear rays, penetrating the abyss of the remote past, have brought within our ken some stages of the evolution of the earth. And in the shifting "without haste, but without rest" of the land and sea, as in the endless variation of the forms assumed by living beings, we have observed nothing but the natural product of the forces originally possessed by the substance of the universe.

T. H. H.

AUTUMNAL ODE.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

I.

MINSTREL and Genius, to whose songs or sighs
 The round earth modulates her changeful sphere,
 That bend'st in shadow from yon western skies,
 And lean'st, cloud-hid, along the woodlands sere,
 Too deep thy tones—too pure—for mortal ear!
 Yet Nature hears them: without aid of thine
 How sad were her decline!
 From thee she learns with just and soft gradation
 Her dying hues in death to harmonize;
 Through thee her obsequies
 A glory wear that conquers desolation.
 Through thee she singeth, "Faithless were the sighing
 "Breathed o'er a beauty only born to fleet:
 "A holy thing and precious is the dying
 "Of that whose life was innocent and sweet."
 From many a dim retreat
 Lodged on high-bosomed, echoing, mountain lawn,
 Or chiming convent in dark vale withdrawn,
 From cloudy shrine or rapt oracular seat
 Voices of loftier worlds that saintly strain repeat.

II.

It is the Autumnal Epode of the year:
 The nymphs that urge the seasons on their round,
 They to whose green lap flies the startled deer
 When bays the far off hound,
 They that drag April by the rain-bright hair,
 (Though sun-showers daze her and the rude winds scare,)
 O'er March's frosty bound,
 They by whose warm and furtive hand unwound
 The cestus falls from May's new-wedded breast—
 Silent they stand beside dead Summer's bier,
 With folded palms, and faces to the West,
 And their loose tresses sweep the dewy ground.

III.

A sacred stillness hangs upon the air,
 A sacred clearness. Distant shapes draw nigh:
 Glistens yon Elm-grove, to its heart laid bare,
 And all articulate in its symmetry,
 With here and there a branch that from on high
 Far flashes washed as in a watery gleam:
 Beyond, the glossy lake lies calm—a beam
 Upheaved, as if in sleep, from its slow central stream.

IV.

This quiet—is it Truth, or some fair mask?
 Is pain no more? Shall Sleep be lord, not Death?
 Shall sickness cease to afflict and overtask
 The spent and labouring breath?
 Is there among yon farms and fields, this day,
 No grey old head that drops? No darkening eye?
 Spirits of Pity, lift your hands, and pray—
 Each hour, alas, men die!

V.

The love-songs of the Blackbird now are done:
 Upon the o'ergrown, loose, red-berried cover
 The latest of late warblers sings as one
 That trolls at random when the feast is over:
 From bush to bush the silver cobwebs hover,
 Shrouding the dried up rill's exhausted urn;
 No breeze is fluting o'er the green morass:
 Nor falls the thistle-down: in deep-drenched grass,
 Now blue, now red, the shifting dew-gems burn.

VI.

Mine ear thus torpid held, methinks mine eye
 Is armed the more with visionary power:
 As with a magnet's force each redd'ning bower
 Compels me through the woodland pageantry:
 Slowly I track the forest's skirt: emerging,
 Slowly I climb from pastoral steep to steep:
 I see far mists from reedy valleys surging:
 I follow the procession of white sheep
 That fringe with wool old stock and ruined rath—
 How staid to-day, how eager when the lambs
 Went leaping round their dams!
 I cross the leaf-choked stream from stone to stone,
 Pass the hoar ash-tree, trace the upland path,
 The furze-brake that in March all golden shone
 Reflected in the shy kingfisher's bath.

VII.

No more from full-leaved woods that music swells
 Which in the summer filled the satiate ear:
 A fostering sweetness still from bosky dells
 Murmurs; but I can hear
 A harsher sound when down, at intervals,
 The dry leaf rattling falls.
 Dark as those spots which herald swift disease,
 The death-blot marks for death the leaf yet firm:
 Beside the leaf down-trodden trails the worm:
 In forest depths the haggard, whitening grass
 Repines at youth departed. Half-stripped trees
 Reveal, as one who says, "Thou too must pass,"
 Plainlier each day their quaint anatomies.

Yon Poplar grove is troubled! Bright and bold
Babbled his cold leaves in the July breeze
As though above our heads a runnel rolled:

His mirth is o'er: subdued by old October,
He counts his lessening wealth, and, sadly sober,
Tinkles his querulous tablets of wan gold.

VIII.

Be still, ye sighs of the expiring year!

A sword there is:—ye play but with the sheath!
Whispers there are more piercing, yet more dear
Than yours, that come to me those boughs beneath;
And well-remembered footsteps known of old
Tread soft the mildewed mould.

O magic memory of the things that were—
Of those whose hands our childish locks caress,
Of one so angel-like in tender care,
Of one in majesty so Godlike drest—
O phantom faces painted on the air
Of friend or sudden guest;—

I plead in vain:
The woods revere, but cannot heal my pain.
Ye sheddings from the Yew-tree and the Pine,
If on your rich and aromatic dust
I laid my forehead, and my hands put forth
In the last beam that warms the forest floor,
No answer to my yearnings would be mine,
To me no answer through those branches hoar
Would reach in noontide trance, or moony gust!
Her secret Heaven would keep, and mother Earth
Speak from her deep heart,—“Where thou know'st not, trust!”

IX.

That pang is past. Once more my pulses keep

A tenor calm, that knows nor grief nor joy;
Once more I move as one that died in sleep,
And treads, a Spirit, the haunts he trod, a boy,
And sees them like-unlike, and sees beyond:
Then earthly life comes back, and I despond.
Ah life, not life! Dim woods of crimsoned beech,

That swathe the hills in sacerdotal stoles,
Burn on, burn on! the year ere long will reach

That day made holy to Departed Souls,
The day whereon man's heart, itself a priest,
Descending to that Empire pale wherein
Beauty and Sorrow dwell, but pure from Sin,
Holds with God's Church at once its fast and feast.
Dim woods, they, they alone your vaults should tread,

The sad and saintly Dead!
Your pathos those alone ungrieved could meet
Who fit them for the Beatific Vision:
The things that as they pass us seem to cheat,

To them would be a music-winged fruition,
 A cadence sweetest in the soft subsiding :
 Transience to them were dear ;—for theirs the abiding -
 Dear as that Pain which clears from fleshly film
 The spirit's eye, matures each spirit-germ,
 Frost-bound on earth, but at the appointed term
 Mirror of Godhead in the immortal realm.

X.

Lo there the regal exiles !—under shades
 Deeper than ours, yet in a finer air—
 Climbing, successive, elders, youths, and maids,
 The penitential mountain's ebon stair :
 The earth-shadow clips that halo round their hair :
 And as lone outcasts watch a moon that wanes,
 Receding slowly o'er their native plains,
 Thus watch they, wistful, something far but fair.
 Serene they stand, and wait,
 Self-exiled by the ever-open gate :
 Awhile self-exiled from the All-pitying Eyes,
 Lest mortal stain should blot their Paradise.
 Silent they pace, ascending high and higher
 The hills of God, a hand on every heart
 That willing burns, a vase of cleansing fire
 Fed by God's love in souls from God apart.
 Each lifted face with thirst of long desire
 Is pale ; but o'er it grows a mystic sheen,
 Because on them God's face, by them unseen,
 Is turned, through narrowing darkness hourly nigher.

XI.

Sad thoughts, why roam ye thus in your unrest
 The world unseen ? Why scorn our mortal bound ?
 Is it not kindly, Earth's maternal breast ?
 Is it not fair, her head with vine-wreaths crowned ?
 Farm-yard and barn are heaped with golden store ;
 High piled the sheaves illumine the russet plain ;
 Hedges and hedge-row trees are yellowed o'er
 With waifs and trophies of the labouring wain :
 Why murmur, "Change is change, when downward ranging ;
 Spring's upward change but pointed to the unchanging ?"
 Yet, oh how just your sorrow, if ye knew
 The true grief's sanction true !
 'Tis not the thought of parting youth that moves us ;
 'Tis not alone the pang for friends departed :—
 The Autumnal grief that raises while it proves us
 Wells from a holier source and deeper-hearted !
 For this a sadness mingles with our mirth ;
 For this a bitter mingles with the sweetness ;
 The throne that shakes not is the Spirit's right ;
 The heart and hope of Man are infinite ;
 Heaven is his home, and, exiled here on earth,
 Completion most betrays the incompleteness !

XII.

Heaven is his home.—But hark! the breeze increases:

The sunset forests, catching sudden fire,

Flash, swell, and sing, a million-organel choir:

Roofing the West, rich clouds in glittering fleeces

O'er-arch ethereal spaces and divine

Of heaven's clear hyaline.

No dream is this! Beyond that radiance golden

God's Sons I see, His armies bright and strong,

The ensanguined Martyrs here with palms high holden,

The Virgins there, a lily-lifting throng!

The Splendours nearer draw. In choral blending

The Prophets' and the Apostles' chant I hear;

I see the City of the Just descending

With gates of pearl and diamond bastions sheer.

The walls are agate and chalcedony:

On jacinth street and jasper parapet

The unwaning light is light of Deity,

Not beam of lessening moon or suns that set.

That undeciduous forestry of spires

Lets fall no leaf! those lights can never range:

Saintly fruitions and divine desires

Are blended there in rapture without change.

—Man was not made for things that leave us,

For that which goeth and returneth,

For hopes that lift us yet deceive us,

For love that wears a smile yet mourneth;

Not for fresh forests from the dead leaves springing,

The cyclic re-creation which, at best,

Yields us—betrayal still to promise clinging—

But tremulous shadows of the realm of rest:

For things immortal Man was made,

God's Image, latest from His hand,

Co-heir with Him, Who in Man's flesh arrayed

Holds o'er the worlds the Heavenly-Human wand:

His portion this—sublime

To stand where access none hath Space or Time,

Above the starry host, the Cherub band,

To stand—to advance—and after all to stand!

THE BEUST RÉGIME IN AUSTRIA.

THERE are few subjects in politics on which people seem to find it so difficult to make up their minds as the position and prospects of Austria. It is said that when the Emperor Napoleon, shortly after the battle of Königgrätz, was asked whether he would take the opportunity of breaking the rising power of Prussia by throwing his sword into the opposite scale, he exclaimed, "Je ne peux pas m'allier avec un cadavre!" and few at that time would have ventured to deny that if Austria was not already dead, she would, at all events, die very soon. But Austria was not so dead as she seemed to be; and when, a little later, it appeared that the discontent in the Empire was not sufficiently strong to break out into insurrection, and that neither Russia nor Prussia was prepared to effect the partition of her prostrate neighbour, it was admitted that those who had predicted the fall of Austria had been too hasty, and that there was some chance for her yet. Then came the appointment of Baron Beust to the ministry, the reconciliation with Hungary, and the liberal constitution, and the new minister was loudly proclaimed in pamphlets and leading articles the saviour and regenerator of his adopted country. But this enthusiasm has been short-lived, as, indeed, might have been expected from the indiscreet zeal of Baron Beust's friends and admirers in the press. When people are told, in every variety of key, that Austria is now the freest country in the world, and the guardian of peace in Europe, they are apt to suspect that such pains would not be taken to bid for foreign sympathy if things went satisfactorily at home. And now we are witnessing another change. Baron Beust has made a clever speech, in which he declares that "peace and reconciliation" are the pillars of his policy; and immediately the tide of his public confidence began to rise as

rapidly as it had fallen before. Perhaps, after all, these repeated vacillations of opinion are hardly surprising; for, what with the one-sided statements of newspaper correspondents, who are naturally prejudiced in favour of a government from which they derive their best information, and the equally biased diatribes of Baron Beust's political adversaries, it is very difficult to arrive at the real truth about the present condition of Austria. In this article an attempt will be made, by setting in a clear light the real aims of Baron Beust's policy, his good and bad qualities as a politician, the difficulties with which he has to contend, the successes he has achieved, and the mistakes he has committed, to furnish the materials for more accurate and impartial notions on the subject than have hitherto prevailed.

The achievements of Baron Beust in the internal policy of Austria may be reduced to two measures, each of immense importance for the future of the Empire: the arrangement with Hungary, and the new constitution for the other Austrian territories. Since 1849, Hungary had been the standing difficulty of successive Austrian Governments, paralysing their action abroad, and weakening their authority at home. The great idea of Austrian statesmen after the close of the Hungarian revolution, was to treat Hungary as part and parcel of the Austrian state, on the principle that by making war against Austria, Hungary had forfeited all the privileges she had obtained in virtue of past contracts between the two countries; and that, having been conquered, Austria had a right to place her on the same footing as the other provinces she had obtained by conquest.

This is the so-called "*Verwirkungstheorie*" (forfeiture-theory), which was first started by Count Stadion in 1849, with the famous sentence, "Hungary

has ceased to exist," in a leader in the official journal of Vienna. Such a theory was certainly not calculated to conciliate the Hungarians, whose defeat only added new strength to their opposition, by proving that Austria could not conquer them alone. The assistance given by Russia on this occasion in the name of despotic principles was indeed a fatal boon to Austria. It roused the hostility of the Hungarians, without diminishing their power; and it prevented the Government from adopting the only means of appeasing them, for, after Austria had been saved by the Emperor Nicholas, the introduction of a liberal régime became impossible. The Hungarians were thus not only insulted in their dearest patriotic feelings by the denial of their national existence, but they were deprived of the parliamentary institutions which they had enjoyed for centuries. Moreover, they had a full share in the grievances of the other Austrian territories. Agriculture was neglected, the finances were so mismanaged that the country was on the verge of bankruptcy, the Concordat was made the law in all religious matters, and bureaucracy—always the curse of Austria—became all-powerful. The unfortunate campaign of 1859 closed this miserable epoch of delusions and blunders. Austria, taught by the loss of her richest provinces, began to see her weakness, and made overtures to Hungary for a reconciliation. The negotiation was not very successful, and ended in Austria making certain concessions without Hungary abandoning any of her claims. This one-sided arrangement, contained in the imperial decree known as the "October Diploma," enabled Hungary, as well as the other Austrian territories, to have a diet of her own; but still retained her on the footing of an Austrian province, her diet having a deliberative voice only, which it employed, like the other diets, in abusing the Government and clamouring for liberal institutions. Such an arrangement could not last long, and it was overthrown in the following year by the "February Patent," of which

Herr von Schmerling was the author. This statesman at once abolished the federal organization introduced by the "October Diploma," creating in its stead a central Reichsrath at Vienna, the members of which were to be nominated by election from all the territories of the Empire, Hungary included. The Hungarians of course refused to recognise this scheme, and held entirely aloof from the new Reichsrath; while Herr von Schmerling, with his contemptuous phrase, "We can wait" (*wir können warten*), only widened the breach between them and the Government. It soon became evident that the longer Austria waited, the harder the task of reconciliation would become. Herr von Schmerling was succeeded by Count Belcredi, the further working of the February Constitution was suspended, and the negotiations with Hungary were resumed, until they were again suddenly broken off by the war with Prussia.

The policy of delay and irresolution above described produced its natural effect on so intelligent and high-spirited a people as the Hungarians. Simultaneously with the distrust towards Austria caused by the frequent deceptions they had suffered, there grew up among them a consciousness of power which, acting on their strong patriotic instincts, soon widened the sphere of their national aims. The rights given them by the Pragmatic Sanction were now no longer the ultimate object of their aspirations. They looked forward to nothing less than absolute independence, though their traditional loyalty still led them to preserve the dynastic link which connects them with Austria. Nor was this ambition confined to a single section of the people. With that wonderful unanimity which is the chief source of her political greatness, all classes in Hungary, animated with the same strong national feeling, submitted to the direction of their leaders; and the latter—men of no extraordinary talent, but possessing in a high degree that practical wisdom and power of adapting themselves to circumstances, which is often more useful in the di-

rectors of a nation's destinies than the brilliant qualities of genius—developed the new national policy with admirable patience and skill. Their hopes were all but realized by the crushing defeat of Austria at Königgrätz, which, as Count Bismarck had predicted, practically transferred the centre of gravity of the Empire from Vienna to Pesth. But Hungary was still not strong enough to overcome the opposition of the other nationalities, and especially of the German element. Active, industrious, intelligent, and far more cultivated than the other nationalities of the Empire, but volatile and shallow, apt to be doctrinaire, and full of the encroaching spirit of their civilization, the Germans would not acknowledge themselves beaten, and claimed to retain their position as rulers of the destinies of Austria. Their pretensions, though utterly incompatible with the new situation created by the events of 1866, could not be entirely disregarded, for the Germans still formed the connecting link between the heterogeneous elements of which the Empire was composed; and, if their threat of secession had been executed (of which there seemed at that time some prospect), the very existence of Austria would have been placed in the greatest danger. Of the other races, all hoped to profit by the calamities of the state, and some clamoured for concessions which it would have been simply suicidal in the Government to grant. The Poles, so often accused of political incapacity and extravagance, gave an example of calmness and moderation which many of the other nationalities would have done well to follow. They advocated a federal re-organization of Austria, combined with as much self-government for each of the principal nationalities as might be found compatible with the integrity of the Empire. The Czechs, on the other hand, burning to throw off the detested German yoke, and to give free course to their national aspirations, demanded the establishment of a distinct Bohemian kingdom and the coronation of the Emperor Francis Joseph as their king.

Thus all these races were more or less opposed, not only to the pretensions of Hungary, but to those of each other.

Such was the position of affairs when Baron Beust was summoned to Vienna to re-establish the tottering fortunes of Austria. In many respects the new minister was well fitted for the task. Supple, adroit, full of resource, undaunted by obstacles, with an extraordinary power of work, a winning manner, and an imperturbable temper, Baron Beust seemed just the man to reconcile opponents, and smooth away difficulties. To these useful qualities were added political talents of a high order, a singular acuteness in taking in all the points of a difficult position, rapidity and firmness in action, and remarkable freedom from political bias. Though he is a Saxon by birth and family, and has occupied important positions in the government of his country for upwards of thirty years, he has completely renounced his former nationality, and now proclaims himself an Austrian. "The man," he said, at a sitting of the ministerial council last year, "whom the Emperor has placed in this position—whom several Austrian towns have admitted to an honorary citizenship—whom a Bohemian Chamber of Commerce has sent to the Bohemian diet, and whom that diet has honoured with a seat in the Reichsrath—has, I think, a claim to be regarded not as a resident foreigner, but as an Austrian citizen." Unfortunately Baron Beust is as little influenced by political principle as by political sentiment. He is fond of intrigue, unscrupulous in his choice of means, and delights, above all things, in over-reaching an opponent. In the course of an interesting conversation with Herr Kolisch, described in a German illustrated paper,¹ the minister is reported to have expressed especial admiration for the "cheek" (*toupet*) of Count Cavour. "The Count," he said, "gives me the impression of a

¹ *Die Gartenlaube*, 1868, No. 22. Portions of the article above quoted are translated in a life of Baron Beust published in the *Examiner* of July 11.

man at a race, who, instead of running in the prescribed course, breaks the line against all rules, runs straight across, and arrives at the goal before the others. The weakness and helplessness of their opponents were of great use to the Italians." That Baron Beust does his utmost to sink all considerations both of political principle and personal feeling in pursuing the objects of his policy, must be evident to all who have studied his career in Austria. The man who led the reaction in Saxony in 1849 (however strongly he may deny it now) is the Liberal, almost Radical Minister of Austria in 1868. There is one phase of Baron Beust's political action, however, which he cannot forget, and to which he still clings with undiminished attachment. What he did as the obscure minister of a small German state, might well be allowed to pass into oblivion without regret; but it is not in human nature to wipe out from the mind all traces of such an event in a statesman's life as the period when Baron Beust, acting as the acknowledged representative of the German National movement in 1864, defied Lord Russell and Count Bismarck, and was hailed by his admiring and grateful countrymen as their champion and leader. All this remains distinctly graven on the minister's mind, and its influence is clearly perceptible in his policy. That he has the interests of Austria sincerely at heart no one can doubt: but all his plans and efforts with this object are vitiated by the foolish dream of restoring the empire to its old supremacy in Germany, and inducing the Germans to cluster round a liberal Austria rather than a military Prussia.

The objection that Baron Beust is too much a diplomatist for a minister might have some force if he were employed in a state with a settled organization and a united people. But in Austria the talents of the diplomatist are just now more required than those of the administrator. The duties of Baron Beust are to a great extent those of a diplomatic envoy; he is constantly en-

gaged in negotiations with nationalities which practically look upon each other, and the Government which he represents, as foreigners, and he occupies himself but little with the details of internal administration. At the same time, it cannot be denied that his love of *finesse*, and of gaining small dialectical victories by taking advantage of points immaterial to the question at issue, is unworthy of a statesman in such an important position, and often detracts from the weight which would otherwise attach to his representations. A good instance of this may be found in the despatch on the taxing of the foreign bondholders, in which, instead of frankly and simply giving the reasons which made the measure necessary, he only added to the natural discontent of the English creditors of Austria on finding themselves mulcted of a large percentage of their interest, by arguing that this discontent was unreasonable, because, if they had wanted an investment without risk, they should have bought consols instead of Austrian stock.

The spirit in which Baron Beust approached the great question of Austrian re-organization was practical and statesmanlike. He saw at once, with his usual perspicacity, that the first thing to be done was to settle the position of Hungary, and, casting aside for the moment his German aspirations, he set about this extremely delicate and difficult task with singular energy and tact. It is certain that if Austria had not been utterly prostrate and helpless, the opposition of the proudest and most bigoted aristocracy in the world to a foreigner and a Protestant would have made success impossible; but, on the other hand, the same reason which enabled him to defeat the resistance of the Austrian nobility increased the pretensions of the Hungarians. It has already been observed, that Hungary wished for a "personal" union—that is to say, for a distinct administration, treasury, and army of her own, ruled by the Emperor of Austria as King of Hungary. The demand was, perhaps, not unreasonable, and it is daily becoming

more evident that it will have to be conceded sooner or later; but in 1866 such a concession must infallibly have led to a disruption of the monarchy, as the other nationalities, the German especially, were violently opposed to it. It was necessary, therefore, to effect a compromise; and here Baron Beust's diplomatic abilities were of the highest value. To the Hungarian leaders he pointed out that Hungary could not stand alone; that her interests were bound up with those of Austria; that neither the Emperor nor the people of the other Austrian territories could consent to such a diminution of the power and greatness of the monarchy as would be involved in the grant of complete independence to Hungary; but that they were ready to concede to the Hungarians the power of governing themselves in all matters which were not of imperial interest. To the Germans he showed that circumstances had made a policy of coercion in Hungary impossible; that the Hungarians were now daily becoming more excited and intractable; that a revolution in Hungary at this crisis would be the death blow of Austria; and he promised, if they would consent to the establishment of a dualism, to introduce a constitution for the other half of the Empire on so liberal a basis that the Germans, as the most cultivated element, and the chief representatives of the liberal party in the Reichsrath, would still retain their predominance in the government at Vienna. The Slavonian races, with their wild demands and Panslavist tendencies, were more difficult to pacify; but here, too, the minister succeeded, by gaining to his side the Poles,—whose moderate aspirations were satisfied by the promise of a wide autocracy for Galicia and a Polish minister in the new cabinet,—in securing for his project a clear majority in the Reichsrath.

By this skilful management, though nothing like a permanent settlement was achieved, and much discontent still remained, the minister provided for the most pressing want of Austria—a definite system of government. So long as

anarchy continued, and Hungary was hostile, the Empire was in imminent danger both from within and without; Baron Beust caused the anarchy to cease, and procured a reconciliation with Hungary. The end may in this case be said to have justified the means; for, after all, the integrity of the monarchy was of far greater importance to the various nationalities than the share they were each to take in its government. Even to be ruled by Germans in Austria would have been a preferable fate for the Poles than to be annexed to Russia, or for the Czechs than to be annexed to Prussia. The simple truth is that the minister, being unable to satisfy all the nationalities, appeased the most powerful of them. This was undoubtedly a great triumph, though Baron Beust's efforts to curry favour in Germany, by sacrificing to the German element the interests of the other Austrian nationalities, have since made it a barren one.

The main points of the arrangement concluded with Hungary are easily stated. The liberal laws sanctioned by the Emperor Ferdinand in 1849 were restored, a separate Hungarian ministry was appointed, and the Hungarian diet received full legislative powers on all subjects but finance, war, and foreign affairs, which, being regarded as imperial, were to be dealt with by a delegation composed of members of the representative assemblies of both halves of the monarchy. This was the groundwork of what is known as the system of dualism. It was accepted by the Germans and Hungarians as a principle, agreed to by the Poles as a *pis-aller*, and violently opposed by the other nationalities. The opinions of the malcontent provinces were unmistakably expressed at their local diets; but Baron Beust, with that disregard for political principle which is one of his worst faults as a statesman, refused to recognise their resolutions, and summoned new elections, in which every engine at the command of the Government was used to procure the return of the official candidates. The only result of this step was to embitter the opposition without materially dimin-

ishing its strength. The Czech members of the Bohemian and Moravian diets all refused to go to the Reichsrath which was to be called at Vienna for the purpose of considering the arrangement entered into with Hungary, so that upwards of four millions of the inhabitants of Western Austria had no representative in that assembly. It would have been more honest, and quite as safe, only to have taken, in the first instance, representatives from the diets that were willing to send them. This would, perhaps, have involved a departure from the constitution under which the Reichsrath was called; but that constitution was already practically a dead letter, and an insignificant violation of its provisions would surely have been far preferable to so odious and unjustifiable a step as official interference with elections.

In Hungary, too, the new measure did not pass without opposition. The Croats, Servians, Ruthenians, Slovacks, and Roumans, who shut in the Magyars, as it were, on all sides, and threaten to swamp the dominant but less prolific race by sheer force of numbers,¹ had since 1830 been deprived of many of their ancient national privileges, and looked with natural alarm on the prospect of a further consolidation and strengthening of the Magyar rule. The most formidable resistance came from the Croats, who, besides sharing the grievances of the other subject nationalities, have a distinct national ideal of their own, the so-called "triune kingdom," or, in other words, the establishment of a separate administration and legislature in Croatia, Dalmatia, and Slavonia. This concession was half promised to the Croats by the government after the important services they rendered under Jellachich in 1848-9, but was of course put out of the question by that spirit of centralization which has ever since, more or less, directed the policy of all the governments of Austria. When the Croatian diet

met, it protested against the proposed merging of the "triune kingdom" in Hungary, and repeated the demand for a separation. It was necessary to disregard this protest, as Baron Beust had disregarded that of the Czechs. But the noble and single-hearted nature of Déak, who was the master-spirit of the Magyar policy, could not degrade itself by tampering with elections. The diet was dissolved; some of the most active of the Croat agitators were punished, perhaps with rather more severity than was necessary; and the coronation and other arrangements were pushed forward without the diet being consulted any further.

It might be doubted whether the formality of submitting the compact with Hungary to the ratification of the Reichsrath might not with advantage have been dispensed with altogether. That assembly was convoked in accordance with a constitution which applied to an entirely different state of things, as its fundamental principle was the centralization of the whole monarchy, and this principle had been abolished by the system of dualism. Moreover, the arrangement had been already carried out in all its essential features before it was submitted to the Reichsrath. The separate Hungarian ministry had been appointed, the new laws were in full operation, even the coronation had taken place; and it had become impossible for the Reichsrath to reverse what had been done. It is true that the maintenance of the forms of the Schmerling constitution was flattering to the doctrinaire spirit of the Germans; but this advantage was dearly purchased by the alienation of the Czechs and other federalists, who looked upon the persistent adherence of the government to the shreds of an obsolete system of centralization as a sign of the tendencies of the new régime. And such, indeed, it was. Baron Beust was doing for the German element far more than it had a right to demand, and more than was required to secure its adhesion to the arrangement with Hungary. The

¹ The population of Hungary, including Transylvania, Croatia, &c. is 14,000,000, of whom 5,000,000 only are Magyars.

bill enacting the responsibility of ministers was, no doubt, necessary as a guarantee for the future, and it would, perhaps, have been difficult to find men among the other nationalities equal in administrative talent to the Germans who constituted the greater part of the new Vienna cabinet. But nothing could justify the retention of the unfair electoral laws of the Schmerling period, which gave the six millions of Germans in the western part of the empire 120 representatives in the Reichsrath, and the eleven millions of Slavonians 64 only. Such a measure, followed as it was by the gradual concentration of the powers of the local diets in the predominantly German ministry at Vienna, could only perpetuate those jealousies of race which have always been the weakness of Austria.

In other matters of internal policy, where his German dreams did not cloud his judgment, Baron Beust gave evidence of consummate statesmanship and a bold vigour of action such as had not been seen for years at the Hofburg. He was the first Austrian minister that attempted to grapple seriously with the canker of bureaucracy which had so long eaten into the vitals of the state, and he has succeeded, if not in entirely eradicating the disorder, at least in considerably diminishing its virulence. The new Liberal constitution (known as "The Fundamental Laws") sanctioned last December, and the laws amending the Concordat, though initiated and prepared by the German liberal leaders, were passed chiefly through his skill and courage; and the latter measure in particular would probably not have been sanctioned at all by the Emperor but for the firmness of his minister. By these measures the old laws and regulations which had done so much to hamper commerce and manufactures, and check education, are now abolished. The new constitution decrees that all citizens are to be treated as equal before the law, to have the right of residing in any portion of the Empire, and carrying on any business they please, without distinction of creed, and to be allowed perfect free-

dom in educational and religious matters. The rights of domicile and property are declared inviolable, travelling abroad is permitted to all but those required for military service, the secrecy of private letters is to be held sacred, and the censorship of the press abolished.

It is in the direction of foreign affairs, however, that Baron Beust finds the occupation most congenial to his tastes. One of the radical faults of his home policy is its subservieny to his foreign policy. Every measure he introduces at home is arranged with an eye to effect in Europe, and the consequence is that reforms which look very well on paper have only too often turned out fallacious in practice. At the same time it must be confessed that the utter prostration of the Empire after the catastrophe of Königgrätz, offered great temptations to such a course of action for a statesman who, like Baron Beust, had during a long political career chiefly devoted his attention to foreign affairs. It seemed necessary to banish from the minds of European politicians the growing notion that Austria had ceased to be a great power; and a show of unity at home, combined with effective action in important European questions abroad, promised to furnish a plausible ground for maintaining the Empire in its old position among European states. By a singular stroke of good fortune in the life of a by no means fortunate statesman, it happened that a very few months after his accession to office there occurred a most serious European difficulty, just of the kind most suited to his diplomatic talents and to the object he had in view. The Luxemburg question had placed France and Prussia in a position where neither power could yield without national humiliation, and from which they could not of their own initiative withdraw. It was eminently a case for mediation, and Baron Beust undertook this delicate task. His love of compromise and of ingenious combinations perhaps made him a little too ready to offer alternative plans of arrangement; but on the whole his negotiations were very judicious and

skilful. In order that his good offices as a mediator should be accepted, it was above all necessary to prove that Austria was entirely disinterested in the matter, and was only actuated by a desire for peace. Baron Beust showed to Prussia that he had no desire to pursue a policy of revenge, by holding strictly aloof from all projects of a French alliance; and to France, that he was not disposed to identify the interests of Austria with those of Germany, by disputing the right of Prussia to garrison the fortress of Luxemburg. To the insidious advances of Count Bismarck for an Austro-German alliance, he adroitly replied by asking for a definite statement of the advantages which would be secured to Austria in such an event, at the same time not relaxing for an instant his efforts to bring about a pacific arrangement. He represented to Prussia that, strong as she was in her army and the national feeling of all Germany, she would still in case of war have the whole French nation against her, and that the superiority of the French navy would make it necessary for her to protect her coast by withdrawing a considerable portion of her army from the land campaign. To France he addressed himself with the frankness and cordiality of a friend. He pointed out that a war arising out of the compact with the King of Holland for the sale to France of a population hitherto regarded as German, would excite the public opinion not only of Germany, but of all Europe, against the Emperor Napoleon, and that Count Bismarck would not fail to make the most of the advantage which the situation gave him; and he did not conceal his opinion that the result of the conflict would be fatal to the French arms. The compromise ultimately arrived at was not, it is true, exactly one of those which had been proposed by Baron Beust, but it may be doubted whether it was not due to his clever management that there was any compromise at all.

The successful result of the deliberations of the conference on the Luxemburg question to a certain extent restored

the public confidence in conferences as a means of settling international disputes. Baron Beust, always looking out for an opportunity of raising Austrian prestige, hinted at a possible solution by this means of the Roman question, and the idea was taken up and developed into a definite plan by the Emperor Napoleon, who here again caught at a straw, as he had already done too often, in order to extricate himself from a difficult position. Italy could not, of course, renounce her national aspiration of uniting the Papal territories under the sceptre of Victor Emmanuel, and the utmost that could be expected in that quarter was that the Italians should be temporarily appeased by the Pope abandoning part of the temporal power or possessions. But this the Pope cannot do without forfeiting the support of the whole Catholic world. His doctrine and that of the Catholics, on which the whole theory of infallibility is based, is that the temporal power is not his to give away, that it is the heirloom of St. Peter, and that the Popes only hold it in trust for their successors. Pius IX. must therefore, in order to save not only his throne, but his very existence as a Pope, refuse to recognise the title of Victor Emmanuel to the possession of the Papal territories already united to the Italian kingdom, and still more to consent to any further diminution of the temporal power. This is the true explanation of the *non possumus*. The Pope cannot voluntarily give up the smallest particle of his temporal power or possessions, and it is only by violence that Italy can obtain them. His answer to the French invitation—that he would send his representative to the conference, with instructions to demand the restitution of the territories of which the Church had been deprived—formed a fitting and natural conclusion to a negotiation which from the beginning had not the smallest prospect of success.

A remarkable characteristic of this negotiation was the extreme friendliness, not to say partiality, which Baron Beust exhibited towards the Holy See. Italy he treated with scant ceremony, as a

recent enemy, a still possible rival, and the representative of the revolution. To France he, of course, showed the deferential cordiality due to a powerful ally; but it was for the Pope alone that, to use the words of Cardinal Antonelli, he reserved his "sympathy and affection." In his despatch urging the Pontifical government to accept the invitation to a conference, he spoke of the "courage and firmness" of the Papal authorities during the Garibaldian invasion, the "brilliant conduct" and "heroic resistance" of the Papal army, and the "excellent attitude" of the population. This may seem somewhat warm language for a Protestant to use on such an occasion, but Baron Beust never allows his religion to influence his policy. Rome appeared to him not so much the head of Catholicism, as the representative of order and authority attacked by the greatest enemy Austria has to dread—the spirit of revolution. Moreover, his conduct in this matter was no doubt narrowly watched by the Catholic party at court, and it is probable that in his anxiety not to be thought too Protestant he was more Catholic than a Catholic minister would have been. The same thing happened a few months later, when the bills amending the Concordat came on for discussion in the Reichsrath. In the hot contest which followed Baron Beust took no part, and it was only when the passing of the bills became certain that he gave them his support. The consciousness of his Protestantism, as he himself acknowledged, was here the cause of his inaction; and the same feeling seems to have inspired the conciliatory, if somewhat pettish, tone of his reply to the last Papal allocution. He must, however, by this time be convinced that his former policy in the Roman question was a mistake. The rupture between Austria and Rome is now complete, and the fall of the Concordat will probably make it irrevocable. The triumph of the cause of religious liberty in Austria is also a victory for that of national unity in Italy.

In the Eastern question the same tentative policy has been pursued with similar results. Since the war of 1866, the interests of Austria have become more than ever connected with those of the peoples on the Lower Danube. The Turkish Empire is too weak and disorganized to last much longer, and it is of vital importance to Austria that the state or states which might succeed to the rule of the Levant should not prove a dangerous neighbour to her, especially as her former relations with Germany having ceased, the tendency of her political activity has been driven eastward.¹ Baron Beust, with all his hankerings for influence in Germany, could not fail to perceive that this was the case; but he began his Eastern policy by another piece of political quackery, which might have been extremely dangerous if it had not been so glaringly unpractical. His proposal that a conference of the powers, admitting Russia, but excluding Turkey, should assemble for the purpose of revising the treaty of Paris and settling the political position of the Christian populations under Turkish rule would, if carried out, have produced a conflagration in Eastern Europe which could only have turned to the profit of the Czar. Fortunately this scheme, though advocated with all its proposer's diplomatic skill, fell to the ground, and Baron Beust's faith in conferences seemed to waver. Russia, who at first hoped for his connivance in her designs in the East, now showed her true colours, and pursued a Panславist agitation among the Slavonian populations of Turkey and Austria, which was in effect an attack on the very existence of those states. This, with Baron Beust's subsequent policy in the Cretan question, has produced a decided coolness in his relations with Russia. Notwithstanding

¹ We observe that the *Times* (Aug. 10) still speaks of Austria as a German state, though it adds, somewhat enigmatically, that she is a "Danubian power." Whether we look at her interests, the political tendencies of the great majority of her population, or her geographical position, Austria is no more a German state than France or Russia.

the experience of his Roman and Eastern failures, however, he does not seem yet to perceive that the foreign affairs of a country like Austria cannot be ruled by an "elastic" policy (to use the expression of a famous semi-official article in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*); that she has natural adversaries as well as natural allies, and that her action abroad should be guided by fixed principles, not be merely adapted to meet temporary emergencies as they arise.

The present position of Austria abroad clearly indicates both the merits and the faults of Baron Beust's foreign policy. Owing to the shifty course he has hitherto pursued, there is still an impression of mistrust as to what might be the attitude of Austria in the next European complication; at the same time, it cannot be denied that she exercises a considerable influence in continental politics, and that her alliance would be eagerly sought for in case of a war. Her relations with France and England are friendly, though it may be doubted whether much confidence is felt in Baron Beust either at the Tuileries or in Whitehall. With Prussia there has been a great show of reconciliation, but it is too ostentatious to be sincere. Count Bismarck and Baron Beust do not seem to have yet forgotten their old animosities, which are still cropping up from time to time in the semi-official press of Berlin and Vienna. As for the rumours of an Austro-Prussian alliance which have been so frequent of late, they are entitled to little credit, being chiefly inventions of Viennese journalists with whom the wish is father to the thought. The frequent references to the Treaty of Prague in Baron Beust's diplomatic communications, the open favour with which he treats the German element in the Empire, his repeated attempts to cultivate a close understanding with the Emperor Napoleon, and, finally, his speech at the late German rifle-meeting—which, though very cautiously worded, unmistakably betrays the idea which runs through the whole of his policy—show that he still cherishes the vain hope of

checking the further advance of Prussia across the Main, and resuming the old contest for supremacy in Germany; and so long as this remains his object any real reconciliation with Prussia must be hopeless. Another circumstance which creates a natural antagonism between the two countries is, that Prussia is now being drawn on irresistibly in a course which can only end in her acquiring the German provinces of Austria. This is one of the great dangers of the Empire, and there seems to be no possibility of averting it.

But it is in the East that Austria finds the most formidable of her dangers. Her Slavonian provinces, the largest and most important of her empire, have since the great Panslavist revival of last year been constantly visited by Russian agents, who excite the people against the Government, and fill their minds with the brilliant vision of a Panslavonic empire headed by Russia, and giving the law to Eastern and Central Europe. This propaganda has been especially successful in Bohemia, and though its importance should not be exaggerated, it is impossible not to see how fatal its results must be to Austria in a European war if she has Russia against her. Doubtless she might, in such a case, parry the blow by declaring Galicia independent, and thus enabling the Poles to make another effort to recover their country. But it would be then too late: internal discontent, fanned by foreign intrigue, would take the opportunity of a war to break out into revolution, and Russia might console herself for possible losses in Poland by her conquests in Austria and Turkey. In the latter country the Austrian government is as unpopular with the Slavonians as in its own; and it is certain that, as matters now stand, they would look far more to Russia for protection than to Austria. The truth is that Austria can neither hope for order at home, nor security against invasion from abroad, so long as the Slavonians remain discontented. It was clearly shown during the late rifle-meeting at Vienna how strong is

the desire of the German-Austrians for reunion with the Fatherland, and a corresponding attraction towards Hungary has been developed in the Slavonians of the western half of the Empire by its considerate treatment of the Croats. In the natural course of things the "Western half" must disappear, the German provinces joining the united Germany of the future, and the rest being attached to Hungary. But some time must elapse before this can occur; and, meanwhile, it is of vital importance to the monarchy that the present connexion of Hungary with the "Western half" should be maintained. Unfortunately, owing to the infatuated German policy of Baron Beust, every day brings the dual empire nearer to separation. Hungary is by far the strongest half of the monarchy; she has appeased the non-Magyar nationalities, and, by the arrangement concluded with Croatia, removed the most formidable of her internal difficulties; her finances are prosperous, her government popular, her commerce and manufactures flourishing, and certain of a brilliant future on the completion of the roads and railways now in progress. The Western half of the Empire, on the other hand, is discontented, in some parts almost rebellious; its ministers, though "responsible," are odious to the majority of the population; its finances are crippled by long years of past mismanagement; and the internal disorders caused by jealousies of race threaten now to bring its administration to a dead-lock. Such a state of things can have but one result. Neither the national aspirations nor the political interests of the Hungarians can allow them to remain linked much longer to so disunited and unsettled a state. Indeed, if the policy now pursued in the western half of the Empire be continued, the position of Hungary and Austria will, to borrow the vivid metaphor quoted at the beginning of this article, be that of a living and healthy man chained to a corpse. Baron Beust had scarcely saved Austria from dissolution before he again placed her life in danger by his foolish ambition for

ascendency in Germany. His plan was to give up half of the Empire in order to save the rest—not for Austria, but for the Germans. The first part of the plan has succeeded beyond his desires; the second has been a total failure. Even the Germans themselves are dissatisfied; they complain that the bargain with Hungary was a one-sided one, that they are overtaxed, and saddle each grievance with the old threat of separation. The Poles, who form nearly one-fourth of the population of the western half of the Empire, were at first disposed to give their support to Baron Beust, on his promising to give them an extensive autonomy. But their hopes have been disappointed; concession after concession was withdrawn in deference to the German Centralists who form the majority of the ministry at Vienna, and there is now every probability of the Poles joining the other Slavonians in an active opposition against the government. Should this be the case, it will be impossible for the present ministry to remain in office, without practically treating the constitution as a dead letter.

But Baron Beust, though he can when it suits him profess an unbounded admiration for Mr. Gladstone, is not so rigid an adherent to constitutional principles as to disdain the tactics of Mr. Disraeli. Already those fundamental rights given by the new Austrian constitution, which was only passed last December—the right of public meeting and the freedom of the press—have been repeatedly violated in Galicia and Bohemia. In the latter country, indeed, the persecution of the press by the government has been such that nearly all the journals of the national party have perished under the weight of incessant fines and confiscations. It is not by such means that the Czechs can be silenced, however excessive may be their demands and turbulent their conduct. In themselves, though they form a compact population of four millions, all inspired with the same strong national feeling, they may perhaps not be very formidable. In these days of large states they could not

stand alone, and if they joined Russia, as they threaten to do, they would find their nationality and their liberties trampled on in a way of which they can have had no conception while under Austrian rule. Nor is it at all certain, even if they volunteered to go to Russia, that she would accept them. In an account given by a Prussian paper of the recent interview of Baron Beust with the Czech leaders, the minister is reported to have told Drs. Palacky and Rieger that their threat to join Russia was a barren one, as there already existed an understanding between Russia and Prussia by which, in the event of a break-up of the Austrian Empire, Bohemia is to be annexed to Prussia. That Baron Beust said this is probably not true, but it is certain that the geographical position of Bohemia, as a glance at the map will show, is much better adapted to her becoming the prey of a German than of a Russian Empire. The Czechs, however, blinded by hatred for their German oppressors, do not see this. They listen with eagerness to the insidious whisperings of Russian agents, who promise them a great Slavonic federation, and their intense national spirit urges them to join a nation animated, as they think, with the same Slavonic feeling as themselves. They form, in fact, a strong party hostile to Austria and friendly to Russia, in the very heart of the Austrian Empire; and, as has been already pointed out, would make Austria absolutely powerless in case of a war with the Czar—a war which must break out sooner or later, either through the conflicting interests of the two countries in the East, or the well-known traditional ambition of Russia to possess herself of Galicia.

But it is not yet too late to open the eyes of the Czechs to their political errors, and reconcile both them and the other Slavonians of Western Austria to the new state of things. In order to do this it is not necessary to give them the predominance; for they have neither the political ambition nor the encroaching national spirit of the Germans. What they chiefly desire is the enjoy-

ment of their national customs and language, and an independent control over their local administrations. It is true that the Czechs ask for more than this—for complete administrative separation of their kingdom from the rest of the monarchy. But the same demand was made by the Croats in Hungary, who have now been satisfied with much less. The appointment of Czech officials and the use of the Czech language in the local departments, the grant of full powers to the Bohemian diet over local affairs and the local budget, and the appointment of a Czech minister to represent the interests of the Bohemian kingdom at Vienna, would remove all the principal grievances of the Czechs; and the grant of similar concessions to Galicia, and to the Slavonians of Istria, Carinthia, &c. (who were represented at a diet of their own in 1747), would restore order and loyalty among the populations on whom the very existence of Austria now really depends. These concessions would, of course, displease the Germans; but, real and eminent as are the services which they have rendered, and still render, to the Empire, the interests of Austria now imperatively demand that their claims should not be made paramount over those of the other nationalities. Their secession has become only a question of time, and it is quite certain that the period of the final accomplishment of German unity will neither be hastened by their political discontent, nor retarded by their being given any amount of political advantages. In the midst of the heavy clouds which hang over the destiny of Austria, one truth shines out with a clear and steady light: the absolute necessity of resting the future of the western half of the monarchy on the Slavonian element. By making the Germans the keystone of his new Austrian edifice, Baron Beust has prepared its certain dissolution; and if this fatal mistake is persisted in, the time must inevitably come when the ruler of Austria will be placed face to face with the alternative of either changing his minister or losing his Empire.

THE CHAPLET OF PEARLS; OR, THE WHITE AND BLACK RIBAUMONT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLIFFE."

CHAPTER XXXI.

(Continued.)

THERE was a long silence. Berenger sat with his eyes fixed on the window where the twilight horizon was still soft and bright with the pearly gold of the late sunset, thinking with an intensity of yearning what it would be could he truly become certain of Eustacie's present doings; questioning whether he would try to satisfy that longing by the doubtful auguries of the diviner, and then, recollecting how he had heard from wrecked sailors that to seek to delude their thirst with seawater did but aggravate their misery. He knew that whatever he might hear would be unworthy of confidence. Either it might have been prompted by the Chevalier, or it might be merely framed to soothe and please him—or, were it a genuine oracle, he had no faith in the instinct that was to perceive it, but what he *had* faith in was the Divine protection over his lost ones. "No," he thought to himself, "I will not by a presumptuous sin, in my own impatience, risk incurring woes on them that deal with familiar spirits and wizards that peep and mutter. If ever I am to hear of Eustacie again, it shall be by God's will, not the devil's."

Diane de Selinville had been watching his face all the time, and now said, with that almost timid air of gaiety that she wore when addressing him: "You too, cousin, are awaiting Monsieur Philippe's report to decide whether to look into the pool of mystery."

"Not at all, madame," said Berenger, gravely. "I do not understand white magic."

"Our good cousin has been too well

bred among the Reformers to condescend to our little wickednesses, daughter," said the Chevalier; and the sneer—much like that which would await a person now who scrupled at joining in table-turning or any form of spiritualism—purpled Berenger's scar, now his only manner of blushing; but he instantly perceived that it was the Chevalier's desire that he should consult the conjuror, and therefore became the more resolved against running into a trap.

"I am sure," said Madame de Selinville, earnestly, though with an affectation of lightness, "a little wickedness is fair when there is a great deal at stake. For my part, I would not hesitate long, to find out how soon the King will relent towards my fair cousin here!"

"That, Madame," said Berenger, with the same grave dryness, "is likely to be better known to other persons than this wandering Greek boy."

Here Philip's step was heard returning hastily. He was pale, and looked a good deal excited, so that Madame de Selinville uttered a little cry, and exclaimed, "Ah! is it so dreadful then?"

"No, no, Madame," said Philip, turning round, with a fervour and confidence he had never before shown. "On my word, there is nothing formidable. You see nothing—nothing but the Italian and the boy. The boy gazes into a vessel of some black liquid, and sees—sees there all you would have revealed. Ah!"

"Then you believe?" asked Madame de Selinville.

"It cannot be false," answered Philip; "he told me everything. Things he could not have known. My very home, my father's house, passed in review before

that strange little blackamoor's eyes ; where I—though I would have given worlds to see it—beheld only the lamp mirrored in the dark pool."

"How do you know it was your father's house?" said Berenger.

"I could not doubt. Just to test the fellow, I bade him ask for my native place. The little boy gazed, smiled, babbled his gibberish, pointed. The man said he spoke of a fair mansion among green fields and hills, 'a grand cavalier *embonpoint*,'—those were his very words,—at the door, with a tankard in one hand. Ah! my dear father, why could not I see him too? But who could mistake him or the manor?"

"And did he speak of future as well as past?" said Diane.

"Yes, yes, yes," said Philip, with more agitation. "Lady, that will you know for yourself?"

"It was not dreadful?" she said, rising.

"Oh, no;" and Philip had become crimson, and hesitated; "certes, not dreadful. But—I must not say more."

"Save good-night," said Berenger, rising. "See, our gendarmes are again looking as if we had long exceeded their patience. It is an hour later than we are wont to retire."

"If it be your desire to consult this mysterious fellow now you have heard your brother's report, my dear baron," said the Chevalier, "the gendarmes may devour their impatience a little longer."

"Thanks, sir," said Berenger; "but I am not tempted," and he gave the usual signal to the gendarmes, who, during meals, used to stand as sentries at the great door of the hall.

"It might settle your mind," muttered Philip, hesitating. "And yet—yet—"

But he used no persuasions, and permitted himself to be escorted with his brother along the passages to their own chamber, where he threw himself into a chair with a long sigh, and did not speak. Berenger meantime opened the Bible, glanced over the few verses he meant to read, found the place in the Prayer-book, and was going to the stairs to call Humfrey, when Philip broke

forth: "Wait, Berry; don't be in such haste."

"What, you want time to lose the taste of your dealings with the devil?" said Berenger, smiling.

"Pshaw! no devil in the matter," testily said Philip. "No, I was only wishing you had not had a Puritan fit, and seen and heard for yourself. Then I should not have had to tell you," and he sighed.

"I have no desire to be told," said Berenger, who had become more fixed in the conviction that it was an imposture.

"No desire! Ah! I had none when I knew what it was. But you ought to know."

"Well," said Berenger, "you will burst anon if I open not my ears."

"Dear Berry, speak not thus. It will be the worse for you when you do hear. Alack, Berenger, all ours have been vain hopes. I asked for *her*—and the boy fell well-nigh into convulsions of terror as he gazed; spoke of flames and falling houses. That was wherefore I pressed you not again—it would have wrung your heart too much. The boy fairly wept and writhed himself, crying out in his tongue for pity on the fair lady and the little babe in the burning house. Alack! brother," said Philip, a little hurt that his brother had not changed countenance.

"This is the lying tale of the man-at-arms which our own eyes contradicted," said Berenger; "and no doubt was likewise inspired by the Chevalier."

"See the boy, brother! How should he have heard the Chevalier? Nay, you might hug your own belief, but it is hard that we should both be in durance for your mere dream that she lives."

"Come, Phil, it will be the devil indeed that sows dissension between us," said Berenger. "You know well enough that were it indeed with my poor Eustacie as they would fain have us believe, rather than give up her fair name I would rot in prison for life. Or would you have me renounce my faith, or wed Madame de Selinville upon the witness of a pool of ink that I am a widower?" he added, almost laughing.

"For that matter," muttered Philip, a good deal ashamed and half affronted, "you know I value the Protestant faith so that I never heard a word from the wily old priest. Nevertheless, the boy, when I asked of our release, saw the gates set open by Love."

"What did Love look like in the pool? Had he wings like the Cupids in the ballets at the Louvre?" asked Berenger provokingly.

"I tell you I saw nothing," said Philip tartly: "This was the Italian's interpretation of the boy's gesture. It was to be by means of love, he said, and of a lady who— He made it plain enough who she was," added the boy, colouring.

"No doubt, as the Chevalier had taught him."

"You have prejudged, and are deaf to all," said Philip. "What, could the Chevalier have instructed him to say that I—I—" he hesitated, "that my—my love—I mean that he saw my shield per pale with the field fretty and the sable leopard."

"Oh! it is to be my daughter, is it?" said Berenger, laughing; "I am very happy to entertain your proposals for her."

"Berenger, what mocking fiend has possessed you?" cried Philip, half angrily, half pitifully. "How can you so speak of that poor child?"

"Because the more they try to force on me the story of her fate, the plainer it is to me that they do not believe it. I shall find her yet, and then, Phil, you shall have the first chance."

Philip growled.

"Well, Phil," said his brother, good-humouredly, "any way, till this Love comes that is to let us out, don't let Moor or fiend come between us. Let me keep my credence for the honest Bailli's daughters at Luçon; and remember I would give my life to free you, but I cannot give away my faith." Philip bent his head. He was of too stubborn a mould to express contrition or affection, but he mused for five minutes, then called Humfrey, and at the last moment as the heavy tread came upstairs, he

turned round and said, "You're in the right on't there, Berry. Hap what hap, the foul fiend may carry off the conjuror before I murmur at you again! Still I wish you had seen him. You would know 'tis sooth."

While Berenger, in his prison chamber, with the lamplight beaming on his high white brow and clear eye, stood before his two comrades in captivity, their true-hearted faces composed to reverence, and as he read, "I have hated them that hold of superstitious vanities and my trust hath been in the Lord. I will be glad and rejoice in Thy mercy, for Thou hast considered my trouble and known my soul in adversities," feeling that here was the oracle by which he was willing to abide—Diane de Selinville was entering the cabinet where the secrets of the future were to be unveiled.

There she stood—the beautiful Court lady—her lace coif (of the Mary of Scotland type) well framed the beautiful oval of her face, and set off the clear olive of her complexion, softened by short jetty curls at the temples, and lighted by splendid dark eyes, and by the smiles of a perfect pair of lips. A transparent veil hung back over the ruff like frostwork-formed fairy wings, and over the white silk bodice and sleeves laced with violet, and the violet skirt that fell in ample folds on the ground; only, however, in the dim light revealing by an occasional gleam that it was not black. It was a stately presence, yet withal there was a tremor, a quiver of the downcast eyelids, and a trembling of the fair hand, as though she were ill at ease; even though it was by no means the first time she had trafficked with the dealers in mysterious arts who swarmed around Catherine de Medicis. There were words lately uttered that weighed with her in their simplicity, and she could not forget them in that gloomy light, as she gazed on the brown face of the Italian, Ercole, faultless in outline as a classical mask, but the black depths of the eyes sparkling with intensity of observation, as if they were everywhere at once and gazed through and through. He wore his national dress, with the

short cloak over one shoulder; but the little boy, who stood at the table, had been fantastically arrayed in a sort of semi-Albanian garb, a red cap with a long tassel, a dark, gold-embroidered velvet jacket sitting close to his body, and a white kilt over his legs, bare except for buskins stiff with gold. The poor little fellow looked pale in spite of his tawny hue, his enormous black eyes were heavy and weary, and he seemed to be trying to keep aloof from the small brazen vessel formed by the coils of two serpents that held the inky liquid of which Philip had spoken.

No doubt of the veritable nature of the charm crossed Diane; her doubt was of its lawfulness, her dread of the supernatural region she was invading. She hesitated before she ventured on her first question, and started as the Italian first spoke,—“What would the Eccellentissima? Ladies often hesitate to speak the question nearest their hearts. Yet is it ever the same. But the lady must be pleased to form it herself in words, or the lad will not see her vision.”

“Where, then, is my brother?” said Diane, still reluctant to come direct to the point.

The boy gazed intently into the black pool, his great eyes dilating till they seemed like black wells, and after a long time, that Diane could have counted by the throbs of her heart, he began to close his fingers, perform the action over the other arm of one playing on the lute, throw his head back, close his eyes, and appear to be singing a lullaby. Then he spoke a few words to his master quickly.

“He sees,” said Ercole, “a gentleman touching the lute, seated in a bedroom, where lies, on a rich pillow, another gentleman,”—and as the boy stroked his face, and pointed to his hands—“wearing a mask and gloves. It is, he says, in my own land, in Italy,” and as the boy made the action of rowing, “in the territory of Venice.”

“It is well,” said Madame de Selinville, who knew that nothing was more probable than that her brother should

be playing the King to his sleep in the medicated mask and gloves that cherished the royal complexion, and, moreover, that Henry was lingering to take his pastime in Italy to the great inconvenience of his kingdom.

Her next question came nearer her heart—“You saw the gentleman with a scar. Will he leave this castle?”

The boy gazed, then made gestures of throwing his arms wide, and of passing out; and as he added his few words, the master explained: “He sees the gentleman leaving the castle, through open gate, in full day, on horseback; and—and it is Madame who is with them,” he added, as the lad pointed decidedly to her, “It is Madame who opens their prison.”

Diane’s face lighted with gladness for a moment; then she said, faltering (most women of her day would not have been even thus reserved), “Then, I shall marry again?”

The boy gazed and knitted his brow; then, without any pantomime, looked up and spoke. “The Eccellentissima shall be a bride once more, he says,” explained the man, “but after a sort he cannot understand. It is exhausting, lady, thus to gaze into the invisible future; the boy becomes confused and exhausted ere long.”

“Once more—I will only ask of the past. My cousin, is he married or a widower?”

The boy clasped his hands and looked imploringly, shaking his head at the dark pool, as he murmured an entreating word to his master. “Ah! Madame,” said the Italian, “that question hath already been demanded by the young Inglese. The poor child has been so terrified by the scene it called up, that he implores he may not see it again. A sacked and burning town, a lady in a flaming house—”

“Enough, enough,” said Diane; I could as little bear to hear as he to see. It is what we have ever known and feared. And now”—she blushed as she spoke—“sir, you will leave me one of those potions that Signor Renato is wont to compound.”

"*Capisco !*" said Ercole, with a rapid motion of his head.

"It must be such," added Diane, "as can be disguised in sherbet or milk. All hitherto have failed, as the person in question tastes no wine."

"It will take a more refined preparation—a subtler essence," returned Ercole ; "but the Eccellentissima shall be obeyed if she will supply the means, for the expense will be heavy."

The bargain was agreed upon, and a considerable sum advanced for a philtre, compounded of strange Eastern plants and mystic jewels ; and then Diane, with a shudder of relief, passed into the full light of the hall, bade her father good-night, and was handed by him into the litter that had long been awaiting her at the door.

The Chevalier, then, with care on his brow, bent his steps towards the apartment where the Italian still remained, counting the money he had received.

"So !" he said as he entered, "So, fellow, I have not hindered your gains, and you have been true to your agreement !"

"Illustrissimo, yes. The pool of vision mirrored the flames, but nothing beyond—nothing—nothing."

"They asked you then no more of those words you threw out of *Espérance* ?"

"Only the English youth, sir ; and there were plenty of other hopes to dance before the eyes of such a lad ! With M. le Baron it will be needful to be more guarded."

"M. le Baron shall not have the opportunity," said the Chevalier. "He may abide by his decision, and what the younger one may tell him. Fear not, good man, it shall be made good to you, if you obey my commands. I have other work for you. But first repeat to me more fully what you told me before. Where was it that you saw this unhappy girl under the name of *Espérance* ?"

"At a hostel, sir, at Charente, where she was attending on an old heretic teacher of the name of Gardon, who had fallen sick there, being pinched by

the fiend with rheumatic pains after his deserts. She bore the name of *Espérance Gardon*, and passed for his son's widow."

"And by what means did you know her not to be the mean creature she pretended !" said the Chevalier, with a gesture of scornful horror.

"Illustrissimo, I never forget a face. I had seen this lady with M. le Baron when they made purchases of various trinkets at Montpipeau ; and I saw her fully again. I had the honour to purchase from her certain jewels, that the *Eccellenza* will probably redeem ; and even—pardon, sir—I cut off and bought of her, her hair."

"Her hair !" exclaimed the Chevalier, in horror. "The miserable girl to have fallen so low ! Is it with you, fellow ?"

"Surely, Illustrissimo. Such tresses—so shining—so silky—so well-kept, I reserved to adorn the heads of Signor Renato's most princely customers," said the man, unpacking from the inmost recesses of one of his most ingeniously arranged packages, a parcel which contained the rich mass of beautiful black tresses. "Ah ! her head looked so noble," he added, "that I felt it profane to let my scissors touch those locks ; but she said that she could never wear them openly more, and that they did but take up her time, and were useless to her child and her father—as she called him ; and she much needed the medicaments for the old man that I gave her in exchange."

"Heavens ! A daughter of Ribau-mont !" sighed the Chevalier, clenching his hand. "And now, man, let me see the jewels with which the besotted child parted."

The jewels were not many, nor remarkable. No one but a member of the family would have identified them, and not one of the pearls was there ; and the Chevalier refrained from inquiring after them, lest, by putting the Italian on the scent of anything so exceptionally valuable, he should defeat his own object, and lead to the man's securing the pearls and running away with them. But Ercole understood his glance, with

the quickness of a man whose trade forced him to read countenances. "The Eccellenza is looking for the pearls of Ribamont? The lady made no offer of them to me."

"Do you believe that she has them still?"

"I am certain of it, sir. I know that she has jewels—though she said not what they were—which she preserved at the expense of her hair. It was thus. The old man had, it seems, been for weeks on the rack with pains caught by a chill when they fled from La Sablerie, and though the fever had left him, he was still so stiff in the joints as to be unable to move. I prescribed for him unguents of balm and Indian spice, which, as the Eccellenza knows, are worth far more than their weight in gold; nor did these jewels make up the cost of these, together with the warm cloak for him, and the linen for her child that she had been purchasing. I tell you, sir, the babe must have no linen but the finest fabric of Cambrai—yes, and even carnation-coloured ribbons—though, for herself, I saw the homespun she was sewing. As she mused over what she could throw back, I asked if she had no other gauds to make up the price, and she said, almost within herself, 'They are my child's, not mine.' Then remembering that I had been buying the hair of the peasant maidens, she suddenly offered me her tresses. But I could yet secure the pearls, if Eccellenza would."

"Do you then believe her to be in any positive want or distress?" said the Chevalier.

"Signor, no. The heretical households among whom she travels gladly support the families of their teachers, and at Catholic inns they pay their way. I understood them to be on their way to a synod of Satan at that nest of heretics, Montauban, where doubtless the old miscreant would obtain an appointment to some village."

"When did you thus fall in with them?"

"It was on one of the days of the week of Pentecost," said Ercole. "It is

at that time I frequent fairs in those parts, to gather my little harvest on the maiden's heads."

"*Parbleu!* class not my niece with those sordid beings, man," said the Chevalier, angrily. "Here is your price"—tossing a heavy purse on the table—"and as much more shall await you when you bring me sure intelligence where to find my niece. You understand; and mark, not one word of the gentleman you saw here. You say she believes him dead?"

"The Illustrissimo must remember that she never dropped her disguise with me, but I fully think that she supposes herself a widow. And I understand the Eccellenza, she is still to think so. I may be depended on."

"You understand," repeated the Chevalier, "this sum shall reward you when you have informed me where to find her—as a man like you can easily trace her from Montauban. If you have any traffickings with her, it shall be made worth your while to secure the pearls for the family; but, remember, the first object is herself, and that she should be ignorant of the existence of him whom she fancied her husband."

"I see, Signor; and not a word, of course, of my having come from you. I will discover her, and leave her noble family to deal with her. Has the Illustrissimo any further commands?"

"None," began the Chevalier; then, suddenly, "This unhappy infant—is it healthy? Did it need any of your treatment?"

"Signor, no. It was a fair, healthy bambina of a year old, and I heard the mother boasting that it had never had a day's illness."

"Ah, the less a child has to do in the world, the more is it bent on living," said the Chevalier with a sigh; and then, with a parting greeting, he dismissed the Italian, but only to sup under the careful surveillance of the steward, and then to be conveyed by early morning light beyond the territory where the affairs of Ribamont were interesting.

But the Chevalier went through a

sleepless night. Long did he pace up and down his chamber, grind his teeth, clench his fists and point them at his head, and make gestures of tearing his thin grey locks; and many a military oath did he swear under his breath as he thought to what a pass things had come. His brother's daughter waiting on an old Huguenot *bourgeois*, making sugar-cakes, selling her hair! and what next! Here was she alive after all, alive and disgracing herself; alive—yes, both she and her husband—to perplex the Chevalier, and force him either to new crimes or to beggar his son! Why could not the one have really died on the St. Bartholomew, or the other at La Sablerie, instead of putting the poor Chevalier in the wrong by coming to life again!

What had he done to be thus forced to peril his soul at his age? Ah, had he but known what he should bring on himself when he wrote the unlucky letter, pretending that the silly little child wished to dissolve the marriage. How should he have known that the lad would come meddling over? And then, when he had dexterously brought about that each should be offended with the other, and consent to the separation, why must royalty step in and throw them together again? Yes, and he surely had a right to feel ill-used, since it was in ignorance of the ratification of the marriage that he had arranged the frustration of the elopement, and that he had forced on the wedding with Narcisse, so as to drive Eustacie to flight from the convent—in ignorance again of her life that he had imprisoned Berenger, and tried to buy off his claims to Nid-de-merle with Diane's hand. Circumstances had used him cruelly, and he shrank from fairly contemplating the next step.

He knew well enough what it must be. Without loss of time a letter must be sent to Rome, backed by strong interest, so as to make it appear that the ceremony at Montpipeau, irregular, and between a Huguenot and Catholic, had been a defiance of the Papal decree, and must therefore be nullified. This would

probably be attainable, though he did not feel absolutely secure of it. Pending this, Eustacie must be secluded in a convent; and, while still believing herself a widow, must, immediately on the arrival of the decree and dispensation, be forced into the marriage with Narcisse before she heard of Berenger's being still alive. And then Berenger would have no longer any excuse for holding out. His claims would be disposed of, and he might be either sent to England, or he might be won upon by Madame de Selinville's constancy.

And this, as the Chevalier believed, was the only chance of saving a life that he was unwilling to sacrifice, for his captive's patience and courtesy had gained so much upon his heart that he was resolved to do all that shuffling and temporizing could do to save the lad from Narcisse's hatred and to secure him to Diane's love.

As to telling the truth and arranging his escape, that scarcely ever crossed the old man's mind. It would have been to resign the lands of Nid-de-Merle, to return to the makeshift life he knew but too well, and, what was worse, to ruin and degrade his son, and incur his resentment. It would probably be easy to obtain a promise from Berenger, in his first joy and gratitude, of yielding up all pretensions of his own or his wife's; but, however honourably meant, such a promise would be worth very little, and would be utterly scorned by Narcisse. Besides, how could he thwart the love of his daughter and the ambition of his son both at once?

No; the only security for the possession of Nid-de-Merle lay in either the death of the young baron and his child, or else in his acquiescence in the invalidity of his marriage, and therefore in the illegitimacy of the child.

And it was within the bounds of possibility that, in his seclusion, he might at length learn to believe in the story of the destruction at La Sablerie, and wearying of captivity, might yield at length to the persuasions of Diane and her father, and become so far involved with them as to be unable to

draw back, or else be so stung by Eustacie's desertion as to accept her rival willingly.

It was a forlorn hope, but it was the only medium that lay between either the death or the release of the captive; and therefore the old man clung to it as almost praiseworthy, and did his best to bring it about by keeping his daughter ignorant that Eustacie lived, and writing to his son that the Baron was on the point of becoming a Catholic and marrying his sister: and thus that all family danger and scandal would be avoided, provided the matter were properly represented at Rome.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"JAM SATIS."

"You may go walk, and give me leave awhile,
My lessons make no music in three parts."
Taming of the Shrew.

WHETHER the dark pool really showed Sir Marmaduke Thistlewood or not, at the moment that his son desired that his image should be called up, the good knight was, in effect, sitting nodding over the tankard of sack with which his supper was always concluded, while the rest of the family, lured out of the sunny hall by the charms of a fresh summer evening, had dispersed into the gardens or hall.

Presently a movement in the neighbourhood made him think it incumbent on him to open his eyes wide, and exclaim, "I'm not asleep."

"Oh no! you never are asleep when there's anything you ought to see!" returned Dame Annora, who was standing by him with her hand on his chair.

"How now? Any tidings of the lads?" he exclaimed.

"Of the lads? No, indeed; but there will be bad tidings for the lads if you do not see to it! Where do you think your daughter is, Sir Duke?"

"Where? How should I know? She went out to give her sisters some strawberries, I thought."

"See here," said Lady Thistlewood, No. 107.—VOL. XVIII.

leading the way to the north end of the hall, where a door opened into what was called the Yew-tree Grove. This consisted of five rows of yew-trees, planted at regular intervals, and their natural mode of growth so interfered with by constant cutting, that their ruddy trunks had been obliged to rise branchless, till about twelve feet above ground they had been allowed to spread out their limbs in the form of ordinary forest-trees; and, altogether, their foliage became a thick, unbroken, dark, ever-green roof, impervious to sunshine, and almost impervious to rain, while below their trunks were like columns forming five arcades, floored only by that dark red crusty earth and green lichen growth that seems peculiar to the shelter of yew-trees. The depth of the shade and the stillness of the place made it something peculiarly soothing and quiet, more especially when, as now, the sunset light came below the branches, richly tinted the russet pillars, cast long shadows, and gleamed into all the recesses of the interlacing boughs and polished leafage above.

"Do you see, Sir Duke?" demanded his lady.

"I see my little maids making a rare feast under the trees upon their strawberries set out on leaves. Bless their little hearts! what a pretty fairy feast they've made of it, with the dogs looking on as grave as judges! It makes me young again to get a smack of the haut-bois your mother brought from Chelsea Gardens."

"Haut-bois! He'd never see if the house were afire overhead. What's that beyond?"

"No fire, my dear, but the sky all aglow with sunset, and the red cow standing up against the light, chewing her cud, and looking as well pleased as though she knew there wasn't her match in Dorset."

Lady Thistlewood fairly stamped, and pointed, with her fan like a pistol, down a side aisle of the grove, where two figures were slowly moving along.

"Eh! what? Lucy with her apron full of rose-leaves, letting them float

away while she cons the children's lesson for the morrow with Merrycourt? They be no great loss, when the place is full of roses. Or why could you not call to the wench to take better heed to them, instead of making all this pother?"

"A pretty sort of lesson it is like to be! A pretty sort of return for my poor son, unless you take the better heed!"

"Would that I saw any return at all for either of the poor dear lads," sighed the knight wearily; "but what you may be driving at I cannot perceive."

"What! When 'tis before your very eyes, how yonder smooth-tongued French impostor, after luring him back to his ruin beyond seas, is supplanting him even here, and your daughter giving herself over to the wily viper!"

"The man is a popish priest," said Sir Marmaduke; "no more given to love than Mr. Adderley or Friar Rogers."

The dame gave a snort of derision: "Prithce, how many popish priests be now wedded parsons? Nor, indeed, even if his story be true, do I believe he is a priest at all. I have seen many a young abbé, as they call themselves, clerk only in name, loitering at court, free to throw off the cassock any moment they chose, and as insolent as the rest. Why, the Abbé de Lorraine, cardinal that is now, said of my complexion——"

"No vows, quotha!" muttered Sir Marmaduke, well aware of the Cardinal of Lorraine's opinion of his lady's complexion. "So much the better; he is too good a young fellow to be forced to mope single, and yet I hate men's breaking their word."

"And that's all you have to say!" angrily cried her ladyship. "No one save myself ever thinks how it is to be with my poor dear wounded, heart-broken son when he comes home to find himself so scurvily used by that faithless girl of yours, ready——"

"Hold, madam," said Sir Marmaduke, with real sternness; "nothing rash against my daughter. How should she be faithless to a man who has been wedded ever since she knew him?"

"He is free now," said Lady Thistlewood, beginning to cry (for the last letters received from Berenger had been those from Paris, while he still believed Eustacie to have perished at La Sablerie); "and I do say it is very hard that just when he is rid of the French baggage, the bane of his life, and is coming home, may be with a child upon his hands, and all wounded, scarred, and blurred, the only wench he would or should have married should throw herself away on a French vagabond beggar, and you aiding and abetting."

"Come, come, Dame Nan," said Sir Marmaduke, "who told you I was aiding and abetting?"

"Tell me not, Sir Duke, you that see them a courting under your very eyes, and will not stir a finger to hinder it. If you like to see your daughter take up with a foreign adventurer, why, she's no child of mine, thank Heaven! and I've nought to do with it."

"Pshaw, Dame, there's no taking up in the case; and if there were, sure it is not you that should be hard on Lucy."

Whereupon Annora fell into such a flood of tears at the cruelty of casting such things up to her, that Sir Marmaduke was fain in his blundering way to declare that he only meant that an honest Englishman had no chance where a Frenchman once came in, and then very nearly to surrender at discretion. At any rate, he escaped from her tears by going out at the door, and calling to Lucy to mind her rose-leaves; then, as she gazed round, dismayed at the pink track along the ground, he asked her what she had been doing. Whereto she answered with bright face and honest eyes, that Mr. Méricour had been going over with her the ode "Jam satis," of Horatius, wherewith to prepare little Nan for him to-morrow, and then she ran hurriedly away to secure the remainder of the rose-leaves, while her companion was already on his knees picking up the petals she had dropped.

"Master Merrycourt," said Sir Marmaduke, a little gruffly, "never heed the flower-leaves. I want a word with you."

Claude de Méricour rose hastily, as if somewhat struck by the tone.

"The matter is this," said the knight, leading him from the house, and signing back the little girls who had sprung towards them—"It has been brought to my mind that you are but a youth, and, pardon me, my young master, but when lads and lasses have their heads together over one book, tongues wag."

The colour rushed hotly into young Méricour's face, and he answered quickly, "My rank—I mean my order—should answer that."

"Stay, young man, we are not in France; your order, be it what it may, has not hindered many a marriage in England; though, look you, no man should ever wed with my consent who broke his word to God in so doing; but they tell me your vows are not always made at your age."

"Nor are they," exclaimed Méricour, in a low voice, but with a sudden light on his countenance. "The tonsure was given me as a child, but no vow of celibacy has passed my lips."

Sir Marmaduke exclaimed, "Oh!—" with a prolongation of the sound that lasted till Méricour began again.

"But, sir, let tongues wag as they will, it is for nought. Your fair daughter was but as ever preparing beforehand with me the tasks with which she so kindly indoctrinates her little sisters. I never thought of myself as aught but a religious, and should never dream of human love."

"I thought so! I said so!" said Sir Marmaduke, highly gratified. "I knew you were an honourable man that would never speak of love to my daughter by stealth, nor without means to maintain her after her birth."

The word "birth" brought the blood into the face of the son of the peer of France, but he merely bowed with considerable stiffness and pride, saying, "You did me justice, sir."

"Come, don't be hurt, man," said Sir Marmaduke, putting his hand on his shoulder. "I told you I knew you for an honourable man! You'll be over here to-morrow to hear the little maids

their *Jam satis*, or whatever you call it, and dine with us, after to taste Lucy's handiwork in jam cranberry, a better thing as I take it."

Méricour had recovered himself, smiled, shook the good Sir Marmaduke's proffered hand, and, begging to excuse himself from bidding good-night to the ladies on the score of lateness, he walked away to cross the downs on his return to Combe Walwyn, where he was still resident, according to the arrangement by which he was there to await Berenger's return, now deferred so much beyond all reasonable expectation.

Sir Marmaduke, with a free heart, betook himself to the house, dreading to find that Lucy had fallen under the objurgations of her stepmother, but feeling impelled to stand her protector, and guided to the spot by the high key of Dame Annora's voice.

He found Lucy—who, on the rare occasions when good-natured Lady Thistlewood was really angry with her, usually covered meekly—now standing her ground, and while the dame was pausing for breath, he heard her gentle voice answering steadily, "No, madam, to him I could never owe faith, nor troth, nor love, save such as I have for Philip."

"Then it is very unfeeling and ungrateful of you. Nor did you think so once, but it is all his scars and—"

By this time Sir Marmaduke had come near enough to put his arm round his daughter, and say, "No such thing, Dame. It had been unseemly in the lass had it been otherwise. She is a good girl and a discreet; and the Frenchman, if he has made none of their vows, feels as bound as though he had. He's an honest fellow, thinking of his studies and not of ladies or any such trumpery. So give me a kiss, Lucy girl, and thou shalt study *Jam satis*, or any other jam he pleases, without more to vex thee."

Lucy, now that the warfare was over, had begun to weep so profusely that so soon as her father released her, she turned, made a mute gesture to ask permission to depart, and hurried away; while Lady Thistlewood, who disliked

above all that her husband should think her harsh to her step-children, began to relate the exceeding tenderness of the remonstrance which had been followed with such disproportionate floods of tears.

Poor Sir Marmaduke hoped at least that the veil of night had put an end to the subject which harassed him at a time when he felt less capable than usual of bearing vexation, for he was yearning sadly after his only son. The youths had been absent ten months, and had not been heard of for more than three, when they were just leaving Paris in search of the infant. Sir Francis Walsingham, whose embassy had ended with the death of Charles IX., knew nothing of them, and great apprehensions respecting them were beginning to prevail, and, to Sir Marmaduke especially, seemed to be eating out the peace and joy of his life. Philip, always at his father's side ever since he could run alone, was missed at every visit to stable or kennel; the ring of his cheery voice was wanting to the house; and the absence of his merry whistle seemed to make Sir Marmaduke's heart sink like lead as he donned his heavy boots, and went forth in the silver dew of the summer morning to judge which of his cornfields would soonest be ready for the sickle. Until this expedition of his sons he had, for more than fourteen years, never been alone in those morning rounds on his farm; and much as he loved his daughters, they seemed to weigh very light in the scale compared with the sturdy heir who loved every acre with his own ancestral love. Indeed, perhaps, Sir Marmaduke had a deeper, fonder affection for the children of his first marriage, because he had barely been able to give his full heart to their mother before she was taken from them, and he had felt almost double tenderness to be due to them, when he at length obtained his first and only true love. Now, as he looked over the shining billows of the waving barley, his heart was very sore with longing for Philip's glad some shout at the harvest-field, and he thought with surprise and

compunction how he had seen Lucy leave him struggling with a flood of tears. While he was still thus gazing, a head appeared in the narrow path that led across the fields, and presently he recognised the slender, upright form of the young Frenchman.

"A fair good morrow to you, Master Merrycourt! You come right early to look after your ode?"

"Sir," said Méricour, gravely saluting him, "I come to make you my confession. I find that I did not deal truly with you last night, but it was all unwittingly."

"How?" exclaimed Sir Marmaduke, recollecting Lucy's tears and looking much startled. "You have not——" and there he broke off, seeing Méricour eager to speak.

"Sir," he said, "I was bred as one set apart from love. I had never learnt to think it possible to me,—I thought so even when I replied to you last evening; but, sir, the words you then spoke, the question you asked me set my heart burning, and my senses whirling—" And between agitation and confusion he stammered and clasped his hands passionately, trying to continue what he was saying, but muttering nothing intelligible.

Sir Marmaduke filled up the interval with a long whistle of perplexity; but, too kind not to pity the youth's distress, he laid his hand on his shoulder, saying, "You found out you were but a hot-blooded youth after all, but an honest one. For, as I well trust, my lass knows nought of this."

"How should she know, sir, what I knew not myself?"

"Ha! ha!" chuckled Sir Duke to himself, "so 'twas all Dame Nan's doing that the flame has been lighted! Ho! ho! But what is to come next is the question?" and he eyed the French youth from head to foot with the same considering look with which he was wont to study a bullock.

"Sir, sir," cried Méricour, absolutely flinging himself on his knee before him with national vehemence, "do give me hope! Oh! I will bless you, I will——"

"Get up, man," said the knight, hastily; "no fooling of this sort. The milkmaids will be coming. Hope—why, what sort of hope can be given you in the matter?" he continued; "you are a very good lad, and I like you well enough, but you are not the sort of stuff one gives one's daughter to. Ay, ay, I know you are a great man in your own country, but what are you here?"

"A miserable fugitive and beggar, I know that," said Méricour, vehemently, "but let me have but hope, and there is nothing I will not be!"

"Pish!" said Sir Marmaduke.

"Hear me," entreated the youth, recalled to common sense: "you know that I have lingered at the chateau yonder, partly to study divinity and settle my mind, and partly because my friend Ribaumont begged me to await his return. I will be no longer idle; my mind is fixed. To France I cannot return, while she gives me no choice between such doctrine and practice as I saw at court, and such as the Huguenots would have imposed on me. I had already chosen England as my country before—before this wild hope had awakened in me. Here, I know my nobility counts for nothing, though, truly, sir, few names in France are prouder. But it shall be no hindrance. I will become one of your men of the robe. I have heard that they can enrich themselves and intermarry with your country *noblesse*."

"True, true," said Sir Marmaduke, "there is more sense in that notion than there seemed to be in you at first. My poor brother Phil was to have been a lawyer if he had lived, but it seems to me you are a long way off from that yet! Why, our Templars be mostly Oxford scholars."

"So it was explained to me," said Méricour, "but for some weeks past the Lady Burnet, to whose sons, as you know, I have been teaching French, has been praying me to take the charge of them at Oxford, by which means I should at least be there maintained, and perchance obtain the means for carrying on my studies at the Temple."

"Not ill thought of," said the knight; "a fair course enough for you; but look you, you must have good luck indeed to be in a state to marry within ten or fifteen years,—very likely not then—having nothing of your own, and my wench but little, for Lucy's portion cannot be made equal to her sisters, her mother having been no heiress like Dame Nan. And would you have me keep the maid unwedded till she be thirty or thirty-five years old, waiting for your fortune?"

Méricour looked terribly disconcerted at this.

"Moreover," added the knight, "they will all be at me, so soon as those poor lads come home—Heaven grant they do—to give her to Berenger."

"Sir," said Méricour, looking up with a sudden smile, "all that I would ask is, what you are too good a father to do, that you would not put any force on her inclinations."

"How now? you said you had never courted her!"

"Nor have I, sir. But I see the force of your words. Should she love another man, my dreams were, of course, utterly vain, but if not—" He broke off.

"Well, well, I am no man to force a girl to a match against her will; but never trust to that, man. I know what women are, and let a fantastic stranger come across them, there's an end of old friends. But yours is an honest purpose, and you are a good youth; and if you had anything to keep her with, you should have Lucy to-morrow, with all my heart."

Then came the further question whether Méricour should be allowed an interview with Lucy. Sir Marmaduke was simple enough to fancy that she need not be made aware of the cause of Méricour's new arrangement, and decided against it. The young man sorrowfully acquiesced, but whether such a secret could be kept was another thing. To him it would have been impossible to renew their former terms of intercourse without betraying his feelings, and he therefore absented himself. Lady Thistlewood triumphed openly in

Sir Marmaduke's having found him out and banished him from the house ; Lucy looked white and shed silent tears. Her father's soft heart was moved, and one Sunday evening he whispered into her ear that Dame Nan was all wrong, and Méricour only kept away because he was an honourable man. Then Lucy smiled and brightened, and Sir Duke fondly asked her if she were fool enough to fancy herself in love with the man.

"Oh no, how should she, when he had never named love to her. She was only glad her father esteemed him."

So then foolish, fond Sir Marmaduke told her all that had passed, and if it had not been too late, he would have sent for Méricour from Lady Burnet's ; but his own story did almost as well in bringing back Lucy's soft pink colour. She crept up into Cecily's room one day, and found that she knew all about it, and was as kind and sympathising as she could be—when a vocation had been given up, though no vows had been taken. She did not quite understand it, but she would take it on trust.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE SCANDAL OF THE SYNOD OF MONTAUBAN.

"O ye, wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've naught to do but mark and tell
Your neebour's fauts and folly."

BURNS.

THE old city of Montauban, once famous as the home of Ariosto's Rinaldo and his brethren, known to French romance as "*Les Quatre Fils Aymon*," acquired in later times a very diverse species of fame,—that, namely, of being one of the chief strongholds of the Reformed. The Bishop Jean de Lettes, after leading a scandalous life, had professed a sort of Calvinism, had married, and retired to Geneva, and his successor had not found it possible to live at Montauban from the enmity of the inhabitants. Strongly situated, with a peculiar municipal constitution of its own, and used to Provençal independence both

of thought and deed, the inhabitants had been so unanimous in their Calvinism, and had offered such efficient resistance, as to have wrung from Government reluctant sanction for the open observance of the Reformed worship, and for the maintenance of a college for the education of their ministry.

There then was convoked the National Synod, answering to the Scottish General Assembly, excepting that the persecuted French presbyterians met in a different place every year. Delegated pastors there gathered from every quarter. From Northern France came men used to live in constant hazard of their lives ; from Paris, confessors such as Merlin, the chaplain who, leaving Coligny's bedside, had been hidden for three days in a hay-loft, feeding on the eggs that a hen daily laid beside him ; army-chaplains were there who had passionately led battle-psalms ere their colleagues charged the foe, and had striven with vain endeavours to render their soldiers saints ; while other pastors came from Pyrenean villages where their generation had never seen flames lighted against heresy, nor knew what it was to disperse a congregation in haste and secrecy for fear of the enemy.

The audience was large and sympathising. Montauban had become the refuge of many Huguenot families who could nowhere else profess their faith without constant danger ; and a large proportion of these were ladies, wives of gentlemen in the army kept up by *La Noue*, or widows who feared that their children might be taken from them to be brought up by their Catholic relations, elderly dames who longed for tranquillity after having lost husbands or sons by civil war. Thickly they lodged in the strangely named *gasches* and *vertiers*, as the divisions and subdivisions of the city were termed, occupying floors or apartments of the tall old houses ; walking abroad in the streets in grave attire, stiff hat, crimped ruff, and huge fan, and forming a society in themselves, close-packed, punctilious and dignified, rigidly devout but strictly censorious, and altogether as unlike their

typical countryfolks of Paris as if they had belonged to a different nation. And the sourest and most severe of all were such as had lived farthest south, and personally suffered the least peril and alarm.

Dancing was an unheard-of enormity; cards and dice were prohibited; any stronger expletive than the elegant ones invented for the special use of the King of Navarre was expiated either by the purse or the skin; Marot's psalmody was the only music, black or sad colour the only wear; and, a few years later, the wife of one of the most distinguished statesmen and councillors of Henri of Navarre was excommunicated for the enormity of wearing her hair curled.

To such a community it was a delightful festival to receive a national assembly of ministers ready to regale them on daily sermons for a whole month, and to retail in private the points of discipline debated in the public assembly; and, apart from mere eagerness for novelty, many a discreet heart beat with gladness at the meeting with the hunted pastor of her native home, who had been the first to strike the spiritual chord, and awake her mind to religion.

Every family had their honoured guest, every reception-room was in turn the scene of some pious little assembly that drank *eau sucrée*, and rejoiced in its favourite pastor; and each little congress indulged in gentle scandal against its rival coterie. But there was one point on which all the ladies agreed,—namely, that good Maître Isaac Gardon had fallen into an almost dotting state of blindness to the vanities of his daughter-in-law, and that she was a disgrace to the community, and ought to be publicly reprimanded.

Isaac Gardon, long reported to have been martyred—some said at Paris, others averred at La Sablerie—had indeed been welcomed with enthusiastic joy and veneration, when he made his appearance at Montauban, pale, aged, bent, leaning on a staff, and showing the dire effect of the rheumatic fever which had prostrated him after the night of drenching and exposure during the escape from

La Sablerie. Crowded as the city was, there was a perfect competition among the tradesfolk for the honour of entertaining him and the young widow and child of a St. Bartholomew martyr. A cordwainer of the street of the *Soubirous Hauts* obtained this honour, and the wife, though speaking only the sweet Provençal tongue, soon established the most friendly relations with M. Gardon's daughter-in-law.

Two or three more pastors likewise lodged in the same house, and ready aid was given by Mademoiselle Gardon, as all called Eustacie, in the domestic cares thus entailed, while her filial attention to her father-in-law and her sweet tenderness to her child, struck all this home circle with admiration. Children of that age were seldom seen at home among the better classes in towns. Then, as now, they were universally consigned to country-nurses, who only brought them home at three or four years old, fresh from a squalid, neglected cottage life, and Eustacie's little moonbeam, *la petite Rayonette*, as she loved to call her, was quite an unusual spectacle; and from having lived entirely with grown people, and enjoyed the most tender and dainty care, she was intelligent and brightly docile to a degree that appeared marvellous to those who only saw children stupefied by a contrary system. She was a lovely little thing, exquisitely fair, and her plump white limbs small but perfectly moulded; she was always happy, because always healthy, and living in an atmosphere of love; and she was the pet and wonder of all the household, from the grinning apprentice to the grave young candidate who hoped to be elected pastor to the Duke de Quinet's village in the Cévennes.

And yet it was *la petite Rayonette* who first brought her mother into trouble. Since her emancipation from swaddling-clothes she had been equipped in a little grey woollen frock, such as Eustacie had learnt to knit among the peasants, and varied with broad white stripes which gave it something of the moonbeam effect; but the mother had

not been able to resist the pleasure of drawing up the bosom and tying it with a knot of the very carnation colour that Berenger used to call her own. That knot was discussed all up and down the Rue Soubroux Hauts, and even through the Carriera Major! The widow of an old friend of Maître Gardon had remonstrated on the improprieties of such gay vanities, and Mdlle. Gardon had actually replied, reddening with insolence, that her husband had loved to see her wear the colour.

Now, if the brethren at Paris had indulged their daughters in such backslidings, see what had come of it! But that poor Théodore Gardon should have admired his bride in such unhallowed adornments, was an evident calumny; and many a head was shaken over it in grave and pious assembly.

Worse still; when she had been invited to a supper at the excellent Madame Fargeau's, the presumptuous little *bourgeoise* had evidently not known her place, but had seated herself as if she were a noble lady, a *fille de qualité*, instead of a mere minister's widow and a watchmaker's daughter. Pretend ignorance that precedence was to be here observed! That was another Parisian piece of impudence, above all in one who showed such ridiculous airs as to wipe her lips with her own handkerchief instead of the table-cloth, and to be reluctant to help herself from the general dish of *potage* with her own spoon. Even that might have been overlooked if she would have regaled them with a full and particular account of her own rescue from the massacre at Paris; but she merely coloured up, and said that she had been so ill as to know scarcely anything about it; and when they pressed her further, she shortly said, "They locked me up;" and, before she could be cross-examined as to who was this "they," Maître Gardon interfered, saying that she had suffered so much that he requested the subject might never

be mentioned to her. Nor would he be more explicit, and there was evidently some mystery, and he was becoming blindly indulgent and besotted by the blandishments of an artful woman.

Eustacie was saved from hearing the gossip by her ignorance of the Provençal, which was the only language of all but the highest and most cultivated classes. The hostess had very little *langue d'oui*, and never ventured on any complicated discourse, and Isaac Gardon, who could speak both the *oe* and *oui*, was not a person whom it was easy to beset with mere hearsay or petty remonstrance, but enough reached him at last to make him one day say mildly, "My dear child, might not the little one dispense with her ribbon while we are here?"

"Eh, father? At the bidding of those impertinents?"

"Take care, daughter; you were perfect with the tradesfolk and peasants, but you cannot comport yourself as successfully with this *petite noblesse*, or the pastors' wives."

"They are insolent, father. I, in my own true person, would treat no one as these petty dames treat me," said Eustacie. "I would not meddle between a peasant woman and her child, nor ask questions that must needs wring her heart."

"Ah, child! humility is a bitter lesson; and even this world needs it now from you. We shall have suspicions; and I heard to-day that the King is in Dauphiny, and with him M. de Nid-de-Merle. Be not alarmed; he has no force with him, and the peace still subsists; but we must avoid suspicion. There is a *prêche* at the Moustier to-day, in French; it would be well if you were to attend it."

"I understand as little of French sermons as of Provençal," murmured Eustacie; but it was only a murmur.

To be continued.

THE CANDIDATES FOR NEXT PARLIAMENT.

BY EDWARD DICEY.

A DEMOCRACY governed by an aristocracy. Such is one of the many epigrammatic descriptions of the British constitution. The epigram, like most paradoxes, only conveys a half-truth at the best; but yet with certain modifications it appears likely as if in the future it would possess a degree of accuracy to which previously it could lay no claim whatever. Henceforward the sovereign power—to adopt Johnson's definition of a democracy—will be lodged in the collective body of the people. Throughout the whole of our political history,—as, indeed, throughout that of all other countries,—it is the towns and not the rural districts which have decided the policy of the State. Now from the present time the power of returning the members whose votes are to appoint and direct the Executive Government is to be entrusted to the householders of the boroughs. How far this change is advisable or not is a question entirely beyond my present purpose. For good as I think, for evil as many others think, household suffrage is now an accomplished fact; and I suppose it is almost needless to adduce arguments to show that we have, or at any rate shall very shortly have, household suffrage pure and simple. The leap we have taken has been so completely in the dark, that even experienced electioneering agents are utterly unable to ascertain what the actual increase in the electoral body is likely to be. But still, even taking the lowest estimate, it is obvious that henceforth the major part of the House of Commons must be elected by constituencies in which the majority of the electors belong to the classes who live by their daily labour. The ultimate power, in fact, will reside with the numerical majority of householders, or in other words the destinies of Eng-

land will be entrusted to a democracy. From this time forward the Demos will have sovereign power in their hands, if they choose to exercise it; whether they will so choose is of course a matter of opinion.

No man, however, who watches the course of public opinion in England can avoid seeing, whether he is gratified by the sight or not, that no great immediate change in our national policy, whether at home or abroad, is expected to follow from the political revolution through which we have just passed. Power has virtually been transferred from the hands of the lower middle-class to that of the working-class; and yet both the friends and foes of Reform imagine that things will go on very much as they have done. Nobody, I suppose, relies much upon the limits and safeguards with which Mr. Disraeli originally proposed to surround the principle of household suffrage. Most of them have been already swept away; the few left standing are so enfeebled and broken down as to afford no possible protection against that "ugly rush" which we were told in bygone times would inevitably follow any wholesale extension of the suffrage. Yet the belief still prevails that the coming Parliament will very closely resemble its predecessors. Nor is this faith due to any blind reliance upon luck. It is owing to a general conviction that, however the character of the electoral body may be altered, the character of their representatives will not be seriously modified; that the same men, or, in their default, men drawn from the same class, will be returned to Parliament.

The course of events so far has fully justified the justice of this impression. We are on the eve of a general election. Within a very few weeks the country

will be summoned to elect the first Reformed Parliament. The columns of our newspapers are already filled with election addresses; and anybody who would take the trouble might easily draw out a list of candidates numbering some two thousand at the very outside, from whom the six hundred and fifty-eight members of the new House must infallibly be chosen. And, with very rare exceptions, these two thousand aspirants to legislative honours are persons of exactly the same social standing as the present representative body. You may class them under any number of political standards according to your hopes, or fears, or expectations. You may shuffle your cards as you like, put all the court cards into one hand, and all the low-pipped cards into another; and, after all your combinations, you will find that all your cards belong to the same club pack.

Whigs or Tories, Conservatives or Radicals may be in the majority; but one and all, whatever their political sentiments, will either directly or indirectly represent the interests of wealth and station. I am not arguing now whether this is a loss or an advantage to the State. I only wish to point out what is the fact; and as a fact I assert that the present Parliament is a rich men's club, and that its successor seems likely to be so to a still greater degree. Of course any one acquainted with the *personnel* of Parliament could point at once to scores of instances which would seem at first sight to refute my assertion. If it were lawful to mention names, I, like anybody who knows anything of the London world, could enumerate a number of members of Parliament whose property must be represented by a negative sum, whose income is of the most problematical and fluctuating character, whose signatures would confer no value to stamped paper. I could name, too, a very few—so few that I could number them on my fingers—who are poor in the most literal and honourable sense of the word, who barely manage to keep out of debt by rigid economy and self-denial, and who neither make nor wish

to make any profit whatever out of their parliamentary career. But these exceptions only prove the rule. At all London clubs there are members whose dinner-bills are always unpaid, whose subscriptions are always in arrears, and who are known by their fellow-members to be notoriously short of money. Yet, notwithstanding this, these West-end clubs must fairly be described as the resorts of men of wealth.

For practical purposes the House of Commons may be divided into four categories. First and foremost there are the representatives of the landed interest, who are all men of private fortune, or connected with families which own large properties. Then there are the representatives of commercial interests,—the mill-owners, merchants, manufacturers, railway contractors, and stockbrokers, who all *ex hypothesi* either are, or are supposed to be, possessed of large fortunes. Next in order, I should place the increasing tribe of parliamentary lawyers, the men who avowedly desire a seat in the House in order to promote their legal career. And last and not least, there comes the parliamentary *residuum*, the men who wish to write M.P. after their names, in order to get free seats given them on the boards of speculative companies, and who make a more or less honest livelihood by a skilful use of the advertisement furnished by the mere fact of membership. This enumeration seems to me practically a just one. If you doubt it, you have only to run your eye over the pages of Dod, and consider how many of the members whose names are recorded there you might not fairly assign to some one of these four classes. I do not assert—I do not even mean to insinuate—that among all these classes, even among the last, you may not find men with a strong sense of public duty, who are worthy representatives from a national as well as a personal point of view. I can conceive it being asserted, and supported by solid arguments, that a better House of Commons can be obtained from such materials as those afforded by these different categories,

than from any other materials which are practically available. This, however, is not the point under discussion. It may or may not be desirable that the House of Commons should be a rich men's club. All I maintain is that it is a rich men's club, and that thus the predominant feature of its composition is not affected by the fact that a certain small proportion of its members consists of poor or even needy men.

This consideration justifies the indifference with which the ruling classes in this country regard a change which, at first sight, would seem well-nigh fatal to their supremacy. As long as the House is practically composed of men who are rich, or of men who want to get rich by means of their parliamentary career, there is no reason to fear that our legislators will favour violent changes or reforms of any kind. Take it altogether, one may fairly own that in this England of ours everything—for those who are well-to-do—is for the best in the best possible of worlds; and this being so, it is not in human nature that those who are well-to-do should see the need for any important alteration.

The fact being as stated, there is no difficulty about finding its explanation. One of the dogmas enregistered in the orthodox catechism of politics is, that English electors like men of station, rank, and, above all, wealth for their representatives. But I doubt whether this dogma is quite so universally accepted as its believers imagine. The fact of poverty will always tell in the first instance with any English constituency against candidates who have little to recommend them beyond the repute of not being well-to-do; though I question whether the new constituencies will have the same morbid dislike to impecuniosity which characterised the old. But when once a candidate has acquired a reputation, or possesses any recognised claim to the goodwill of the electors, his lack of wealth is no serious disqualification in their eyes. I believe that if the duty of representing a borough in Parliament could be imposed upon a citizen in the same way as the duty of serving on a

jury, the choice of the electors would fall upon hundreds of men of repute, influence, and popularity, whether local or general, who, as things now are, have no chance whatever of being returned to Parliament. The truth is, not that the constituencies will not elect poor men, but that poor men will not allow themselves to be elected.

As things are, Parliament is not the place for any man who has not a large assured income and the command of money. To attempt to determine the exact amount of income which would justify a man in seeking a seat in the Legislature is about as idle a controversy as the discussion whether a man is or is not justified in marrying upon three hundred a year. The question is one of those which every man must solve for himself, and himself alone. But as a general rule we may safely say, it is very hard for a poor man to enter into the House of Commons, and still harder for him to stop there when he has once got there. If the member is honest he cannot, I think, honestly go into Parliament with the view of making money by so doing; if he is high-minded, he cannot make the obtaining of an official salary the main end and object of his parliamentary career; and if he intends to do his duty thoroughly, he must imperil, if not absolutely surrender, the income derived by the pursuit of his normal profession.

Still it is not easy to suggest any practical remedy for the general costliness of a parliamentary career. The payment of members is a measure which the governing classes in this country view with the greatest disfavour; and it is not consonant with our English traditions or principles. In this, as in many other matters, we English object much more strongly to the name than to the fact which it represents. Everybody knows that, as a matter of fact, a seat in Parliament is worth money. I have frequently heard knowing people calculate its worth as a good thousand a year, if you only know how to work it. In America the representatives of the nation have high wages and few per-

quisites ; with us they have no wages and high perquisites : and possibly the latter system is not the least costly of the two. Still, rightly or wrongly, we do not like the name of paid members ; and I fancy a great many changes must happen before the Estimates are burdened with the item of "Parliamentary Salaries." This being so, there is no immediate likelihood of any change which would make parliamentary life much cheaper than it is. And it may be urged with much force, that it is well men of small fortune should not enter Parliament unless their political vocation is strong enough to induce them to make considerable sacrifices for the privilege of membership.

The same argument, however, cannot be urged, at least openly, in defence of the extraordinary expenditure incurred in the acquisition of a seat. I suspect very few persons not actively engaged in electioneering have any idea of the expense even of an uncontested election. The line between legal and illegal expenditure is very vague and indistinct, and for obvious reasons neither successful nor unsuccessful candidates are much prone to talking about the outlay they have incurred. I do not say that many members are not returned free of expense. If you are supported by strong territorial interest, if you possess strong local influence, or if you enjoy great class popularity, whether deserved or undeserved, you may be returned at very little cost to your own pocket. The money, it is true, comes out of other people's pockets ; and, however independent you may be, you are still conscious of certain obligations towards those who have paid for your return. Cases, however, of this kind are necessarily rare. If you want to go into Parliament, and know of no constituency which desires your services, not only in general but in particular, you put yourself in communication with the electioneering agents, and suggest your willingness to contest any eligible vacancy. You are told that in such a constituency there is likely to be an opening for a candidate of your poli-

tical principles, and are given to understand more or less delicately that you must place at the disposal of your agent a certain sum of money. What that amount may be varies of course according to the circumstances of the case. But I don't think I should be far wrong in saying that, under ordinary circumstances, you will not have much change left out of a couple of thousand pounds when the election is over, and you head—or do not head—the poll. And all this money, let me add, has been spent on legitimate expenditure. If you once take to bribery, there is absolutely no limit to the outlay except the length of your purse. How the bill is exactly made out, neither you nor anybody else can tell with exact certainty. Hustings, placards, advertisements, committee rooms, messengers, cabs, hotel-keepers, publicans, and, above all, lawyers, figure amongst your expenses. All you know is that you have had, in one form or other, to retain the services of any number of your constituents ; that you have paid them pretty much what they asked ; and that generally, in the phrase appropriate to such occasion, you have set money going. A friend of mine some years ago contested a very large constituency. The borough was an extremely Liberal one ; all the candidates were men of different shades of Liberalism ; and the only question was, which shade would best suit the taste of the electors. My friend was a good speaker, and was well received by the constituency, not the less so because he was notoriously a man of limited means. During the course of his canvass, he received a visit from a local solicitor, who was said to have a good deal of influence amongst the electors. In very plain words the attorney informed the candidate that his speeches had given satisfaction in the borough ; and that he should be glad to support him subject to the understanding that the lawyer's bill should run up to a hundred pounds or so. He was a poor man—so the lawyer stated, I believe, with truth—he had a large family dependent on him ; he always had cleared a hundred

pounds every contested election; and, if the candidate could not afford to pay this amount, he must reluctantly support one of the other more opulent competitors. To this request my friend could only express his regret that he could not afford to pay for legal services; and, finding that similar expectations were entertained by all his most influential supporters, he retired from the contest.

In the instance alluded to the candidate was new to his business, and the constituent was perhaps a little more outspoken than is commonly the case. The negotiations are usually conducted in a less direct manner, but the net result is the same. Let it be understood that the hundred pounds demanded of my informant was in no sense a bribe. In case of his requiring any account afterwards, a perfectly genuine lawyer's bill would have been produced. The candidate would have been charged so much for consultations, so much for letters, so much for inquiries; and the services charged for would have been really rendered. All the attorney required was that in return for his influence he should have what I may call a retaining fee. This experience is common to all competitors for parliamentary honours. The wheels must be greased, or else the electoral machine will not function effectively. That the grease is laid on with lavish liberality is a matter of certainty, but how much of it could be spared without injury to locomotion it would puzzle even an electioneering expert to determine.

It is obvious that the tendency of our legislation is towards large constituencies. In the near future, therefore, we may reckon on the great majority of our constituencies numbering many thousands of electors. Now under our present electoral system the necessary cost of contesting a large constituency is extremely heavy. Within the last few years there was an election in a metropolitan borough at which the sitting members were re-elected. They were both of them popular with the constituency, their return was not

opposed; and no other candidate put in an appearance, or even talked of doing so. In fact, no election could have been conducted under circumstances more favourable to economy; and yet each of the members had to pay 500*l.* a piece for the cost of their re-election. At the present moment we have a remarkable case of the necessary costliness of metropolitan elections. There are probably very few candidates at the forthcoming elections whose names are better known to their constituencies than that of Mr. Mill to the electors of Westminster. He was returned three years ago by the volunteer exertions of a large section of his constituents. His parliamentary career has assuredly not lessened the admiration of his supporters; and the local pride of Westminster is involved in his re-election. For reasons into whose justice or injustice I do not care to enter, Mr. Mill declines positively to pay any portion of his election expenses, which have in consequence to be defrayed by public subscription; and it is calculated that at least 2,000*l.* must be raised in that way, in order to render his re-election possible; and the comparative smallness of this amount is assuredly due to the exceptional popularity which Mr. Mill's name carries with the Westminster electors. It may be said that there have been, and are, many metropolitan members who certainly cannot have paid very large sums of money on the occasion of their repeated elections. For obvious reasons, any assertion of this kind is very hard either to prove or disprove. All I can say is, that there never, to my belief, has been a metropolitan election since 1832 at which thousands of pounds have not been spent in each contested borough; and, as far as the general public is concerned, it makes very little difference whether these amounts have been paid by the candidates themselves or by friends and supporters on their behalf.

The metropolitan boroughs, it may be urged, are not favourable specimens, in respect of cost, of large constituencies. No doubt the absence of local feeling in the metropolis increases the outlay on

elections. Still, the more a provincial constituency approaches in size to a metropolitan, the more it approximates in character; and I question whether, under a régime of household suffrage, there would be any material difference in election expenditure between London and the provinces. This argument may seem to tell in favour of small constituencies. So it does, undoubtedly, as far as it goes. In a pocket borough the necessary legitimate cost of an election is relatively trifling; and if these minute constituencies were really free and open to the world they might be represented by men who could not afford any large expenditure on their election. Unfortunately, wherever the direct outlay is small, the indirect is proportionately large; and experience has shown that these pocket boroughs are either the private property of some wealthy landowner, or else are venal to a remarkable degree. On the other hand, bribery and intimidation are comparatively unknown in large constituencies; and, therefore, if we have to choose between conflicting evils, I prefer those attaching to Brobdignag rather than those belonging to Lilliput.

Thus, unless I am altogether mistaken in my facts, the House of Commons is not the place for men who cannot afford to pay an entrance-fee of some two thousand pounds, and a fine of at least half as much again every time they wish to seek for re-admission. Of course there are here and there members who, from one cause or another, manage their business on much cheaper terms; but the above estimate does not err on the side of excess. Granted these facts, it would follow that the majority of members of Parliament—excluding adventurers and the class of directorial legislators, who rejoice, east of Temple Bar, in the name of "Guineapigs"—must be men with incomes of some three thousand a year and upwards. There are in the House many gentlemen, sons of peers and landed proprietors, whose actual incomes probably fall far short of this amount. But then these gentlemen, as a rule, have got into Parliament rather by nomination than

by popular choice. My proposition would perhaps be more exactly correct if I stated that the great majority of members who sit for constituencies open to the general public are men enjoying the average incomes I have specified. It may be right and fitting that this should be so. Very possibly the power of legislation is only vouchsafed to men who have rents and dividends and acres and shares; but I question whether this belief is likely to be that of the new electors.

I doubt whether the present House of Commons, or any House of Commons composed of the same or similar materials, can entertain any very earnest desire to put down the expense attending election. Our legislators are no fonder than other men of parting with their own money; and we have seen clearly enough, during the late session, how reluctant the House is to incur the inevitable cost of a dissolution. But yet, though each man would like to reduce his own electioneering expenditure, I suspect very few would like to reduce the average expenditure. No member of a club I was ever acquainted with enjoyed paying his entrance or subscription fees, or relished any increase in the tariff of the dinner-table. But yet in every West-end club there is a very general feeling that, if you reduce the scale of prices and make things cheap, you will have the club crowded with men who do not live in the same way, or belong to the same set, or share the same tastes, as the existing members; and as the club, taken collectively, wishes to confine membership to persons belonging more or less to its own class, it views any project for reducing the club expenses with very lukewarm approbation. In much the same way I have always thought that college dons and tutors are naturally biassed against all schemes for reducing the cost of an University career. It is not that they wish to put the undergraduates or their parents to expense; on the contrary, they are generally anxious to relieve the pockets of any meritorious student even at their own cost; but they desire with singular

unanimity that the undergraduates as a body should belong to a class who can keep the same company, dress in the same way, and follow the same pursuits as they did themselves while *in statu pupillari*; and therefore they are averse to any wholesale reduction of academic expenses, the result of which would be to fill the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge with students of the same social rank as the *alumni* of Heidelberg, or Glasgow, or St. Bees.

I am therefore only saying that members of Parliament are much like other men, when I assert that their natural bias is to keep St. Stephen's what it is now, a rich men's club.

Under these circumstances, we cannot expect the House will set actively about the work of making admission within its walls available to men whose means fall much below those of the bulk of our present representatives. The Bribery Bill, passed this session, will not, I think, tend in any way to decrease the legitimate normal cost of a seat; on the contrary, the increased facilities given for petitioning against a return will make a seat more and more of a luxury which wealthy men alone can prudently aspire to. The only proposition which would have done anything to lower the absolutely necessary outlay was that contained in Mr. Fawcett's clause for throwing the cost of hustings, returning officers' fees, and other recognised charges, on the local rates. This clause was only carried by an accident; and, in spite of the difficulty of getting a House together at the fag-end of the session, a sufficient number of members rallied together to secure its ultimate rejection. The Government opposed it openly; the Opposition supported it feebly; and, if it should be brought forward again in the new Parliament, its fate may be safely predicted beforehand.

Already we see clearly enough how the present system works. It is now several years since one of the seven points of the Charter was carried into effect by the abolition of the old property qualification. But the average wealth of members of Parliament has certainly not

declined since that period; and it has become more, not less, difficult for a poor man to take his seat in the House. Probably at no election of recent years have there been so few candidates, belonging to any other than the regulation House of Commons class, as there are at present. Whichever side wins, whatever may be the result of the poll, we can predict confidently that the gentlemen who form the first members of the Reformed Parliament will, with few exceptions, be men who, like their predecessors, are well off for money.

Is this monotony of representation a thing to be desired? I for my part doubt it. It is all very well that broad acres, large balances, handsome incomes should be represented in Parliament. As far as I can judge of human nature, there is not the slightest probability that they will ever be otherwise than fully represented; and mere wealth will certainly be not less respected in England by a democratic than by an aristocratic Legislature. But I cannot disguise from myself that the majority of the questions which are likely to occupy our attention for many years to come are rather social than political. We cannot doubt that all the topics which are stirring up the public mind in other countries as well as in our own, the relations of labour and capital, the rights of private property as opposed to public interests, the laws for the relief of the poor, the system of administering justice, education, voluntarism, hours of labour, and a score of other subjects, will form the materials out of which the *menu*, so to speak, of our approaching parliamentary repast will have to be provided. What views will be or ought to be taken on all these topics, or more strictly, perhaps, on the fundamental issue which underlies them all, is a point on which it would be idle for me to express any opinion. But we may assume with certainty that men who are either wealthy themselves, or who represent wealth, will enter on this discussion with minds biassed almost irretrievably towards one side of the question. For the present all such subjects will meet with very scant

attention from our legislators; and we shall be assured doubtless on all sides, that on the whole people are perfectly well satisfied with things as they are. But when the time comes that the masses, whom we have entrusted with electoral rights, know their full power, and exercise it, they will not rest satisfied with the decision of a Parliament whose whole instincts are necessarily in favour of capital and property.

The danger I allude to is, I hold, a real one. The gradual exclusion from Parliament of all classes of members who do not in some form or other belong to the moneyed classes, is a matter not to be dismissed as of no importance. But the remedy, I confess, is not so easily discerned as the malady. The candidate himself can do little or nothing. A gentleman in Mr. Mill's position may take up the high moral ground of declining to pay, and may yet get returned by the subscriptions of his friends and admirers. But then, unfortunately, there are very few gentlemen in Mr. Mill's position. For the reasons I have urged, Parliament is never likely to undertake the reform of its own electioneering expenses, and, even if it did, I doubt whether it could effect much by any penal or prohibitive legislation. The remedy lies with the constituencies alone.

If the electors of any borough, or even an influential section of the electors, make up their minds that they wish to have a certain candidate returned as their member, the problem of expense is pretty well solved. When the constituents volunteer to canvass, to circulate addresses, to collect promises, and bring up voters to the poll, the cost and trouble of the election are divided among so many persons that they are scarcely felt, and thus there is no need for paid agents, or canvassers, or committee-men. It was through an organization of this kind that Mr. Hughes was returned for Parliament. The citizens of Lambeth had made up

their minds that they wished to have the author of "Tom Brown's School-days" for their representative, and they returned him by their own efforts; as I believe they will return him again. So in like manner Mr. Gladstone will probably be returned for Greenwich next November, with hardly any outlay, and certainly with no exertion, on his part. The electors of Greenwich wish to have him as their member, or at any rate to give him the chance of being their member; and therefore they undertake the duty which ordinarily falls upon the candidate, or his personal friends and supporters.

But in the vast majority of constituencies the electors wish to have a Tory, Whig, or Radical representative, as the case may be, but they care comparatively little whether this candidate is A or B. The result of this is, as a rule, that the candidate seeks the constituency, not the constituency the candidate; and as there are always any number of candidates available, the constituency naturally bestows its votes, other things being equal, on the one who takes most trouble and spends money most freely. I hope—and see some small reason to think—that the new household voters will care a good deal more than the old ten-pounders about the particular person who is to be selected to represent them in Parliament; and I own I shall be surprised if the predilections of this class lead them to exhibit a marked preference for the retired merchants, prosperous manufacturers, and rising lawyers, who form the staple of the present Parliament. But as yet I must admit there is no sign of the coming change. The cost of entering Parliament and of holding a seat serves as a sufficient barrier to any legislative ambition on the part of men who have not made their fortunes, and the prestige of the House of Commons as "the best club in London" will certainly be maintained, even after household suffrage has become the law of the land.